The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is contributing a new short story, entitled "An Habitation Enforced," to the August number of the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Kipling has recently completed another short story, and this, we understand, will be published later in the year in *McClure's Magazine*.

Those of our readers, and they must be many, who remember with pleasure the appearance of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's first novel, "The Ragged Messenger," will be glad to know that he has now completed the manuscript of a new story, which, as at present arranged, will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., during the forthcoming autumn season. It is entitled "Vivien," and is said by those who have had the privilege of reading it to be a work of quite remarkable interest and power.

"Purple and Fine Linen," the novel by Madame Albanesi which has been so successful as a serial in the *Daily Chronicle*, is to be published in book form in the spring of next year. It will bear the imprint of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

Mr. Bowden, of the Religious Tract Society, is now in America, partly, we understand, on pleasure bent, and partly with a view to business. He is expected to return about the middle of the month.

The literary associations of Torquay will form the subject of an interesting book by Mr. W. J. Roberts, which is to be published immediately. These associations recall such names as Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Kingsley, Bulwer, and of a later date, Kipling, Norris, and Phillpotts.

Mr. Stretch, formerly manager of the London department of Boots, Ltd., has been selected by *The Times* to take charge of its new venture in forming a circulating library. Mr. Stretch has been succeeded by Mr. W. J. Roberts.

Mr. Werner Laurie is to publish immediately a little book that is sure to be popular with all visitors to London—we might add with all lovers of London. It is to be called "The A B C Literary Guide to London," its object being to add interest to rambles in London by a careful alphabetical record of the homes and haunts of distinguished literary men and women.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. are about to issue a new six-shilling edition of "In Varying Moods," by Miss Beatrice Harraden, and the author has also arranged with Messrs. Newnes to include the book in their sixpenny library. Both publishers anticipate that it will be very successful in these new forms.

Now that *To-Day* has been amalgamated with *London Opinion*, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Answers

to Correspondents" will be transferred to the latter periodical. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome intends visiting America during the autumn of this year with a view to giving a series of readings from his own works.

Mr. William Le Queux is at present in London on a flying visit from his Italian home in Florence.

Mrs. Perrin, the author of "East of Suez," has just completed the MS. of a new novel, entitled "The Waters of Destruction," and has made arrangements with Messrs. Chatto and Windus to publish it some time in September or October next.

The first of two important volumes, entitled "The Cathedrals of England and Wales," by Mr. T. F. Bumpus, will be published immediately by Mr. Werner Laurie. The work is exhaustive in scope, and is choicely illustrated.

A new novel by Beth Ellis, the author of the stirring historical novel, "Barbara Winslowe, Rebel," will be published early in autumn by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons. Its subject, we understand, is the "smart set" of the eighteenth century.

We understand that Mr. Alfred Noyes, whose recent volume of poems met with so cordial a reception, has another volume in the press, entitled "A Forest of Wild Thyme." The poems, we believe, are woven into a continuous fantasy, in the manner of the poet's earliest work, "Tales of Old Japan."

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's novel, "A Bachelor in Arcady," was so successful when running as a serial in the *Queen*, that the editor has commissioned him to write a new novel of a somewhat similar character; it will be entitled "A Benedict in Arcady," and the first instalment will be published in the *Queen* some time this month.

Mr. R. W. Chambers' new novel is to be entitled, "The Reckoning." It will, as usual, be published in this country by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. E. W. Hornung**
Author of "Stingaree."

Miss Brenda Girvin
The youngest Editor in London.

"The Jabberwock" is the name of a new monthly magazine for boys and girls, the first number of which has just been published. It deals with every side of life that is of interest to the young, and is full of stories, prize competitions, games, and entertaining inventions. The editor, Miss Brenda Girvin, may reasonably claim to be "the youngest editor in London," seeing that she is not yet of age. The magazine is published for the proprietors by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and the arrangements already made in advance include the names of many of the most popular writers for young people.

We are glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's new novel, "Rose of the World," has had an unusually large measure of success, and that it bids fair to be one of the most popular stories they have ever written.

Mr. Warwick Deeping's new novel, "The Seven Streams," will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash next month, or early in October.

"The Cost" is the name of a powerful story of American finance by David Graham Phillips, which Mr. T. Werner Laurie will issue in this country. For many months "The Cost" was one of the most popular novels in America.

The dramatic scenes at Odessa with Russian mutineers in command of a battleship, and the spread of revolution through Russia, seem to have been foretold in Mr. A. Cahan's remarkable book, "The White Terror and the Red," a novel of Revolutionary Russia, published recently by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton and already in its third edition. Mr. Cahan's story of the revolutionary movement in Russia describes

scenes like those at Odessa, Warsaw, and elsewhere, and it has been pronounced the most vivid and truthful picture that has been afforded of the spread of revolt in Russia.

Mr. George A. Morton will issue shortly a work entitled "The Headsman of Whitehall." It is a minute inquiry into all the circumstances attending the execution of Charles I. The author, Mr. Philip Sidney, F.R.Hist.S., has written several well-known historical works, "Who Killed Amy Robsart," etc.

A new work by Captain A. T. Mahan, in two volumes, will be published in October by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., entitled "Sea Power in its Relation to the War of 1812." The volumes will contain photogravure illustrations, maps, and plans, and the price will probably be 36s. net.

Messrs. Greening and Co. have in the press, for early publication, a volume of "After Dinner Ballads," a collection of humorous verse, by Mr. Herbert C. S. Colborne. A very original design for the cover of "After Dinner Ballads" has been drawn by Mr. David Whitelaw.

Messrs. Putnam, the well-known publishers, have secured the American rights of Baroness Orczy's popular novel, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which has now reached a seventh impression, and propose publishing a very handsome illustrated edition. We understand that Messrs. Greening are also arranging to illustrate the next English edition.

A second large edition of Mr. Guy Thorne's "A Lost Cause" has already been called for.

"F. Dickberry" (Mme. F. Blaze de Bury), author of "The Storm of London," is now in France engaged on a new novel, the up-to-date plot of which is laid in a French chateau. The book, which is to appear in the autumn, is a picture of modern French life, and a story of the conflict between the old France and the Democracy.

A new Nonsense Book, of unusual interest, is promised immediately by Mr. T. Werner Laurie. It is entitled "Biography for Beginners: Being a Collection of Miscellaneous Examples for the Use of Upper Forms." The book consists of forty four-line humorous stanzas by Mr. E. Clerihew, to each of which Mr. G. K. Chesterton provides a characteristically extravagant cartoon.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie has in the press a volume of essays on women, entitled "With the Eyes of a Man," by Mr. Hubert Bland. Mrs. Bland is the author of much charming prose and verse which appears over the familiar pen-name of E. Nesbit.

We understand that Daniel Woodroffe (Mrs. J. C. Woods), author of "Her Celestial Husband," has completed a new novel entitled "The Beauty Shop," which will be published this autumn.

In "Red o' the Feud," Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe will return to the subject of some of his most successful and popular novels—the feud-tales of the Yorkshire moors. Mr. Sutcliffe, we understand, has also completed another novel, which, like "Red o' the Feud," will be published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

Mr. Edgar Wallace, whose collection of "Smithy" stories has just been published by the Tallis Press, holds, even in these days of rapid rises in journalism, a record. In 1899, Mr. Wallace was a private soldier,

Photo Tallis Press. **Mr. Edgar Wallace.**
Author of "Smithy."

drawing his 10s. a week, and cheerful withal. At this time he had never put his foot inside a newspaper office, and his literary efforts had been confined to little poems, written partly for the amusement of his comrades, and partly to serve a young soldier who had a gift for elocution. Three years later, Edgar Wallace was the editor of a newspaper, with a salary of £2,500 a year, and with a name as well-known in journalism as any of the great correspondents.

Edgar Wallace is an Irishman and just thirty years of age, but he looks five years older—not an astonishing fact when it is remembered that he started out to fight the battle of life at eleven, and has been

working ever since. Printer's devil, newsboy, labourer, clerk, cabin-boy, "deputy-assistant-purser," soldier, and journalist, are the range of the positions he has held. Though his name is now chiefly associated with the *Daily Mail*, it was the *Daily Chronicle* that introduced his verses to London, and the *Daily News* that first discovered in him the elements of a future war correspondent. It was in the *Daily News*, too, that the first "Smithy" story appeared, and readers of that journal may remember the story of the C.I.V. and the Regular.

Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln.
Author of "A Woman and her Talent."

In the illustrations of this number of THE BOOKMAN we have to acknowledge the facilities for reproduction granted by Messrs. Newnes, Harper Bros., Methuen, and The Stage Pictorial Publishing Co.

We have to thank the proprietors of *The Tatler* for permission to use the sketch of Mr. Jacobs by Mr. Will Owen, and Messrs. Ward, Lock for a similar favour in respect of a drawing by Mr. Scott Rankin. The cover is from a portrait by Mr. Arthur Hands, The Studios, Wanstead.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 20TH, 1905.

The intense heat and general atmospheric conditions of the past weeks have caused a general exodus from town, and the delights of the country and seaside have proved an effectual deterrent to much reading. Under such circumstances it therefore can but be expected that the book-demands would be small.

The 6s. novel has, however, persisted in appearing to rise superior to such limitations, and the output has for the time of year been rather numerous. Among the most recent issues which call for special note are "The Game," "The Image in the Sand," "A Lost Cause," and "A Fool Errant." "The Hill," "Brothers," "Rose of the World," and "Scarlet Pimpernel" have, with other previous volumes, also continued to be in request.

One of the events of the month has been the appearance of a volume of prose fiction from the pen of A. C. Swinburne, entitled "Love's Cross-Currents." Its success may be estimated by the fact that a second edition was reached within the period under review.

Although the sales have not in any case been of any extensive nature, a steady demand has been experienced for several of the volumes dealing with Russia and Japan, and mention must be made of the new and enlarged edition of Sir D. M. Mackenzie's "Russia," which has been brought up to date. "Russia in Revolution," "Russia under the Great Shadow," "Empire of the East," "From Tokio to Tiflis," and "The Fall of Tzardom" have also been prominent items.

"Essays of Travel," a hitherto unpublished volume, by R. L. Stevenson, has sold freely.

At 3s. 6d., J. K. Jerome's latest production, "Idle Ideas in 1905," has been the leading line.

Guide Books for both home and foreign resorts have moved briskly, and the same may be said of several volumes of nature study, such as the works of W. J. Gordon and Edward Step.

The Summer Number of the *Studio*, entitled "Art in Photography," has certainly proved very attractive, and both the editions in paper and cloth bindings have rapidly been disposed of.

The Nelson Centenary has called forth several volumes of an attractive nature, the most noticeable, from the sales point of view, being Newbolt's "The Year of Trafalgar."

"The Upton Letters," by T. B., has continued to be in request.

The same may also be said of G. K. Chesterton's "The Heretics," and a revived interest has been aroused in "The House with the Green Shutters," which has recently been reissued in a popular shilling form.

Many sixpenny reprints have been sold, but as there are nearly 2,000 of such issues for the public choice it is difficult to specialize in this line; however, notice may be made of the recent issue of "The Bondman," "The Gadfly," and "The Slave of the Lamp."

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Game. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)
The Image in the Sand. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
The Hill. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
A Lost Cause. By Guy Thorne. (John Long.)
Rose of the World. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
A Fool Errant. By Maurice Hewlett. Heinemann.)
Behind the Throne. By W. Le Queux. (Methuen.)
Glenanaar. By P. A. Sheehan. (Longmans.)
The Flute of Pan. By J. O. Hobbes. (Unwin.)

Love's Cross-Currents. By A. C. Swinburne. 6s. net. (Chatto.)
Free Opinions. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Constable.)
Book of the Spiritual Life. By Lady Dilke. 10s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
Heretics. By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (Lane.)
Empire of the East. By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
From Tokio to Tiflis. By F. A. Mackenzie 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Russia under the Great Shadow. By L. Villari. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
The Fall of Tzardom. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Russia. By Sir D. M. Wallace. Two volumes. 24s. net. (Cassell.)
Russia in Revolution. By G. H. Perris. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Year of Trafalgar. By Henry Newbolt. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Essays of Travel. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto.)
Tales and Fantasies. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto.)
Idle Ideas in 1905. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Our Country's Flowers. By W. J. Gordon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Wayside and Woodland Blossoms. By E. Step. 6s. net. (Warne.)
Upton Letters. By T. B. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
The House with the Green Shutters. By G. Douglas. 1s. net. (G. A. Morton.)
Art in Photography. 7s. 6d. net and 5s. net. "Studio."

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
June 24—Quiet in home trade. Export brisk.
July 1—Export busy. Still quiet in home departments.
,, 8—Slight improvement.
,, 15—A very quiet week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

June 20th to July 20th, 1905.

With fine summer weather, it was not surprising that, with the exception of the cheaper editions of popular novels and books treating of outdoor recreations, the sale of books generally was not large during the time under review. "The Complete Golfer," by Harry Vardon, continued to prove attractive to those keenly interested in the national game, and, from repeated orders received, evidently exceeded the anticipations of the booksellers.

A strong interest was noticeable in everything published treating with nature study, and in this department Mr. Step's "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," as also the same gifted writer's serial work entitled "Wild Flowers, Month by Month," obtained well-merited popularity.

Quite a movement was felt in shilling editions of well-known successful books, giving rise to the hope

From a Painting by Lely. **Anne, Lady Fanshawe.**
(Reproduced from "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

that at last the sixpenny reprint was to be supplanted by something more remunerative to the trade. At this price the most noteworthy was "The House with the Green Shutters," by G. D. Brown, well termed one of the strongest novels ever written.

Several six-shilling novels of more than ordinary merit were issued, and of these mention may be made of the following:—"A Lost Cause," by Guy Thorne;

Author of "Tom Gerrard." **Mr. Louis Becke.**
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Mrs. Lygon's Husband," by A. Sergeant; "Mrs. Alemere's Elopement," by Charles Marriott; "Alix of the Glen," by Curtis Yorke; "Pioneers," by Silas K. Hocking, and "Will Warburton," by George Gissing.

Two remarkable books dealing with the struggle in the Far East were readily placed in the libraries, namely, "With the Russians in Manchuria," by M. Baring and "Empire of the East," by Bennet Burleigh.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Essays of Travel" and "Tales and Fantasies" proved at once their fascination to all lovers of that charming writer, and keen interest was observable in Mr. Swinburne's novel, "Love's Cross-Currents."

As was to be expected, sixpenny reprints of popular novels, from their suitability for railway and holiday reading, bulked very largely in business done, although there was undoubtedly a tendency towards decline generally in this department. The following thirteen were the most successful:—"Lady Paramount," by H. Harland; "Valdar the Oft-Born," by G. Griffith; "On Wings of the Wind," by A. Raine; "Dolly Dialogues," by A. Hope; "Too Good for Him," by F. Marryat; "The Rebel's Wife," by G. Eyre-Todd; "That Brilliant Peggy," by L. T. Meade; "Manxman," by Hall Caine; "Once," by Curtis Yorke; "Above Suspicion," by Mrs. Riddell; "Slave of the Lamp," by H. S. Merriman; "John Chilcote," by Mrs. Thurston; and "The Bondman," by Hall Caine.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Miscellaneous.

The Complete Golfer. By H. Vardon. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Essays of Travel. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto.)
Empire of the East. By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman.)
Wayside and Woodland Blossoms. By E. Step. 6s. net. (Warne.)
Idle Ideas in 1905. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Second Mrs. Jim. By S. Conrad. 5s. (Hodder.)
With the Russians in Manchuria. By M. Baring. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Twenty Years on Ben Nevis. By W. T. Kilgour. 1s. 6d. net. (Gardner.)
The Simple Life. By C. Wagner. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
The House with the Green Shutters. By G. D. Brown. 1s. net. (Morton.)
When it was Dark. By Guy Thorne. 1s. (Greening.)
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.

Six Shilling Novels.

A Lost Cause. By Guy Thorne. (Long.)
Mrs. Lygon's Husband. By A. Sergeant. (Methuen.)
Will Warburton. By George Gissing. (Constable.)
Flute of Pan. By J. O. Hobbes. (Unwin.)
Mrs. Alemere's Elopement. By C. Marriott. (Nash.)
Pioneers. By Silas K. Hocking. (Warne.)
Alix of the Glen. By Curtis Yorke. (Long.)
Passenger from Calais. By Major Griffith. (Nash.)
The Premier's Daughter. By A. and C. Askew. (White.)
The Grand Duke. By Carleton Dawe. (Hutchinson.)
The Whisperer. By Mrs. C. Kernahan. (White.)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

AUGUST, 1905.

The Booksellers' Diary.

AUGUST 5—SEPTEMBER 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

August 5th.

LEYS, JOHN K.—In Sheep's Clothing, 3s. 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)
AGNUS, ORME.—The New Minister, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

August 10th.

OWEN, CHARLES.—Captain Sheen, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
The Buccaneers and Marooners of America. The Adventure Series, New Style. 3s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

August 17th.

SUMMERS, DOROTHY.—Renunciation, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
The Log of Jack Tar. The Adventure Series, New Style. 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)

August 18th.

FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES.—Tommy Carteret, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
SCRATTON, HOWELL.—Fortune Filly, 6s. ... (Ward, Lock)

August 23rd.

MARRYAT, FLORENCE.—Mad Dumaresque. New Edition. 6d. ..... (C. A. Pearson)

August 24th.

SHERWOOD, CURTIS.—Tongues of Gossip, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
MORLEY, JOHN.—Life of Cobden, 2s. 6d. net. R.P. (Fisher Unwin)

September 1st.

LAMMAS, A. G.—Dumbbells, Clubs, and Barbells, 1s. (C. A. Pearson)
CORBETT, MRS. GEORGE.—The Adventures of Princess Daintipet, 2s. 6d. ..... (C. A. Pearson)
HUGHES, THOMAS.—Tom Brown's Schooldays. Illus. Scarlet Lib. Ed. 2s. ..... (C. A. Pearson)
FARROW, G. E.—The Wallypug in the Moon, or his Badjesty, 5s. ..... (C. A. Pearson)
CORBETT, MRS. GEORGE.—Little Miss Robinson Crusoe, 2s. 6d. ..... (C. A. Pearson)
TRACY, LOUIS.—The Pillar of Light, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

September 5th.

MAX ADELER.—The Quakeress, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

During the Month, Dates Uncertain.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Dreamer, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
RUSSELL, DORA.—A Daughter of Darkness, 6s. (Digby, Long)
BARING-GOULD, REV. S.—Monsieur Pishelmire, 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—An Atlantic Tragedy, 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)
FINNEMORE, E. P.—The Bondage of God, 6s. (Digby, Long)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Sin of Laban Routh, 6s. (Digby, Long)
TRAFFORD-TAUNTON, W.—The Doom of the House of Marsaniac, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
MEADE, L. T.—Bess of Delany's, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—A Heart of Stone, 6s. (Digby, Long)
ALDEN, W. L.—Cat Tales, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
WALFORD, C. B.—A Fair Rebel, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
THONGER, M. E.—Jock and I, and the Hyder, 6s. (Digby, Long)

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

Grout Engraving Co.

THE READER.

MR. W. W. JACOBS.

By A. St. John Adcock.

"EVERYBODY can laugh," as Lord Froth says in "The Old Bachelor"; but those who can give everybody something to laugh at are by way of being a limited company. Cynics are becoming as common as sentimentalists; men of wit and romancists are also plentiful; satirists are perhaps rarer just now, but no sort of writer is so rare as your humorist, and he is the only man who has the happy gift that enables him to make everybody laugh.

Or nearly everybody. There are still some of us who would be disposed to agree with Lord Froth that "there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion!" because everybody can do it. Possibly it is some complacent, subconscious consideration such as this that makes the more severely intellectual among us undervalue the powers of the humorist and incline to condescend to him, much as the tragedian on the stage may look down upon the funny man: there is nothing that can flatter our vanity in the fact that the ordinary, unscholarly, unaccomplished man in the street is as fully capable of appreciating and enjoying humour as are the most cultured and academic of us all. An intimate acquaintance with Euclid is something we can legitimately boast of, partly because we had to put a wet towel round our head and run a risk of contracting brain fever before we could make it, but chiefly because it is a branch of knowledge in which the majority are ignorant; once it was generally known it would cease to count as culture. An ability to read Homer in the original is another mark of superiority, because most of our neighbours don't understand Greek; if he had written in English he would not have been such a great man with us as he is; and you shall more readily vindicate your claim to rank among the really cultured by quoting from the dead Latin of Propertius than from the glorious obsolete English of Chaucer.

W. W. Jacobs, age 7.
From a Photo by S. J. Durrant, Ipswich.

Which is, of course, nothing but the old story of familiarity breeding contempt. We rate as common anything that is common property; if the faculty of laughter could be acquired only by hard study and at some expense it would be invested with a certain dignity, and supreme masters of the art of laughing and of creating laughter might hope to win degrees, be raised to the peerage, and buried in Westminster Abbey when they died. As it is, since we all have a sense of humour (I never yet met with a man who admitted that he had not), and can all laugh, the author who appeals to that vulgar, universal capacity in us, gets less honour in intellectual circles than if he had compiled a grammar. But there are compensations for him: there are popularity and the affections of the million, and who shall say that these are not a greater possession than the mere respect and approval of selecter minds? Anyhow, let us be glad there will always be some genial spirits who shall feel that it is better to make a nation's ballads than its laws, better to make it happy than glorious, and who would far sooner spend their lives to serve us by bringing out what the wise consider frivolous books to add to our merriment than by bringing in Acts of Parliament that mostly add to our taxes.

It is curious, especially in a world where everybody has a sense of humour and we can all laugh, that humorists should be comparatively scarce; and I doubt if they were ever scarcer than they are to-day. There are Mark Twain, Alden, "Mr. Dooley," but these are not ours; when you have catalogued Anstey, Barrie, Jerome, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, and W. W. Jacobs, if your list of living English humorists is not quite complete, I confess that at the moment I cannot think of other representative names that should add length and lustre to it; one might draw profitless comparisons and find points of relationship between the six mentioned, but broadly speaking, each is the exponent of a distinctly different type of humour, none of which is more original or unique than the humour of Mr. Jacobs.

I can scarcely credit my arithmetic when I count up how many years it is since I first read a story of Mr. Jacobs' in *To-day*—or was it the *Idler?* It must have been twelve years ago, at the very least, and, in his novels and numerous short stories, he has ever since remained as faithful to the life he was depicting then as Mr. Hardy has to Wessex. A born Londoner, Mr. Jacobs spent much of his early years about the docks and wharves, the riverside places and little coast towns with whose quaint aspect and very atmosphere his books have made us familiar; he voyaged aboard those Thames barges and coasting schooners that glide, grotesquely picturesque, through his pages, and was on terms of intimacy, ashore and at sea, with those captains, mates, seamen, cabin boys, watchmen, publicans, and other lively sinners whom he has introduced to us with such insight and delightfully sympathetic humour that in these days we are nearly as intimate with them as he is.

All humorists have a serious side, and mostly it runs to sentiment, or even sentimentality, but, in place of this sentimental leaven, Mr. Jacobs has a strong, bizarre sense of the weird and the gruesome. Yet not altogether in place of it, either; for there is sentiment in his stories

W. W. Jacobs, age 11.
From a Photo by A. H. Vernon.

now and then: he introduces it sparingly, and invariably with a touch so light and playful and so apparently casual that one is liable to overlook the subtle and delicate skill with which he handles it.

In most cases his sentiment and humour are so artfully blended as to be indistinguishable one from the other; it is thus, for instance, in the concluding scene of "The Skipper's Wooing." Captain Wilson and his rival, and their respective followers, have been getting involved in all manner of uproarious adventures in search of the missing Captain Gething, his daughter Annis having promised to marry the man who succeeds in the quest. Wilson, whom she loves, is successful, his rival cleverly abducts the discovered father, but by a ruse he gets him back again, and having Captain Gething and his daughter safe aboard the *Seamew*, late at night—

"'Are you satisfied now?' enquired Wilson in a low voice, as Captain Gething, with a wisdom born of years, went slowly below.

W. W. Jacobs, age 25.
From a Photo by R. Hellings, Jersey.

"'Quite,' breathed Annis softly.

"'I'm not,' said Wilson, in tones full of meaning.

"Miss Gething smiled, and leaning against the side surveyed, with some interest, the dark water and the sleeping town. She did not move when Wilson came and stood by her, and when he took her hand, made no protest.

"'I'm not satisfied—yet,' said Wilson, raising her hand to his lips.

"His eye caught the two lanterns which were burning somewhat garishly, and crossing over, he took them down and blew them out. He turned suddenly at the sound of a smothered laugh, a moment too late. Annis Gething had gone below."

There is that other love passage in "At Sunwich Port," where young Hardy, having put himself to infinite trouble to serve the Nugent family and ingratiate himself with his irascible enemy, Captain Nugent, in order that he may have liberty to visit at the house and win the love of Kate Nugent, has accomplished his desires, all but the last and dearest of them, and is resolutely paying his addresses to Kate in the garden:—

"'If you would do anything to please me,' she said at length, in a low voice and without turning her head, 'would you promise never to try to see me or speak to me again, if I asked you?'

"'No,' said Hardy promptly.

"Miss Nugent sat silent again. She knew that a good woman should be sorry for a man in such extremity, and should endeavour to spare his feelings by softening her refusal as much as possible, little as he might deserve such consideration. But man is impatient, and jumps to conclusions. Before she was halfway through the first sentence he leaned forward and took her hand.

"'Oh, good-bye,' she said, turning to him with a pleasant smile.

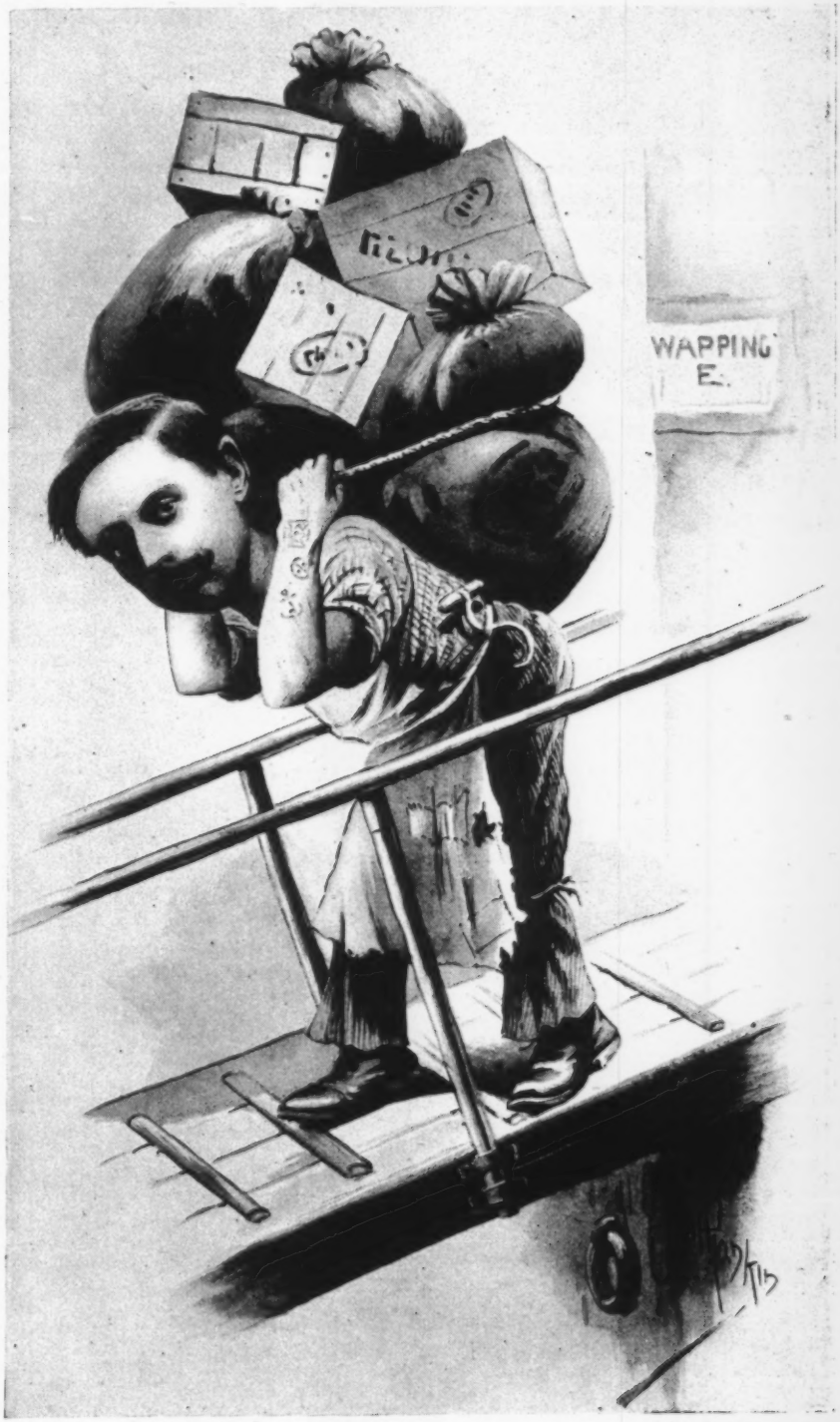
"'I am not going,' said Hardy quietly. 'I am never going,' he added, as he took her other hand."

"A Master of Craft," too, has its moments of humorous sentiment, and at the end there is, what is rare in Mr. Jacobs, a touch of pathos, true and finely restrained—a pathos that is very quietly hinted at in a momentary incident that is full of poignant suggestion. All the way through, Captain Flower, a genial man of many loves, has been evading the determined pursuit of one jilted sweetheart, shuffling out of marriage with another, amusing himself with passing fancies, but always in his heart faithful to the penniless Poppy Tyrell, and bent upon making her his wife. She likes him and is willing to marry him because of his goodness to her father, who is dead; but in dodging the most troublesome and implacable of his charmers he, with the connivance of Fred Fraser, his mate, establishes a story that he has fallen overboard and is drowned; thinking that after an interval, when the others will have consoled themselves with other suitors, he can come to life again and marry the girl of his choice. Meanwhile, Fraser has been taking messages to Poppy and looking after her for him, and they have grown to love each other, but are silent about it, being loyal to the Captain. By-and-by, however, learning of Poppy's intention to

go to Australia, Flower ships as a sailor on the same boat, thinking to marry her out there in safety; but the vessel sails without her, goes down at sea, and Flower's name is not in the list of survivors. He has nevertheless been rescued, and presently returns home to hear that Fraser is away at his father's place in the country, getting married; he is tickled to gather from his enquiries that Fraser is marrying the particularly troublesome charmer from whom he had fled, then, failing to find Poppy, goes off on Fraser's track, learns at the house that the wedding is in progress, ascertains the identity of the bride, races frenziedly for the church, but realises when he arrives there that it is too late; the wedding, he hears, is over and the parties are in the vestry. He falls back among the cluster of people waiting at the gates and stands beside "an aged but frivolous woman, who was grimly waiting with a huge bag of rice," and smiles bitterly, thinking of the hardships of the past year, with "a lump in his throat, and a sense of unreality about the proceedings which was almost dream-like." Till, the carriage-horses beginning to rattle their harness and the crowd moving—

"He looked into the church again and saw them coming down the aisle: Fraser smiling and erect, with Poppy's little hand upon his arm. She looked down at first, smiling shyly, but as they drew near the door gave her husband a glance such as Flower had never seen before. He caught his breath then, and stood up erect as the bridegroom himself, and as they reached the door they both saw him at the same instant. Poppy, with a startled cry of joy and surprise, half drew her arm from her husband's; Fraser gazed at him as on one risen from the dead.

"For a space they regarded each other without a word, then Fraser, with his wife on his arm, took a step towards him. Flower, still regarding them steadily, drew back a little, and moved by a sudden impulse, and that new sense of dignity, snatched a handful of rice from the old woman's bag and threw it over them. Then he turned quickly, and with rapid strides made his way to the station."



From a Drawing by Scott Rankin. **Many Cargoes.**

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That, in its way, is perfection.

But, as I have said, sentiment and pathos play an inconsiderable part in Mr. Jacobs' stories; the majority of them are compact of sheer unalloyed humour. Many

From a Drawing by Maurice Greiffenhagen. **He denied it again hotly.**
(Reproduced from "The Lady of the Barge," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Bros.)

of them dispense altogether with any semblance of a love interest, and when they do not, the heroine is more often than not a mature widow bent upon marrying again; when she is a young girl she is generally rather hoydenish, very pretty, very self-possessed and very smart at repartee; there is a family likeness, too, between the pert and irrepressible boys in Mr. Jacobs' diverting collection, but his elder women and old and young men are amazingly varied in character, despite the narrow range of the world in which they live. Again, though Mr. Jacobs uses the same central motive more than once, he never actually repeats himself. More than once, a fascinating maiden sails alone among a crew of respectfully adoring mariners, but it is always with some essential difference—once, indeed, the youthful, good-looking schemer who encouraged them to believe he was a girl in disguise, and is pampered and entertained in idleness accordingly, turns out to be merely a boy after all; more than once is there a husband, father, friend, or son who has run away, or is supposed to have gone down at sea, and some ludicrously solemn rascals, for most of Mr. Jacobs' people are the funnier for being unconscious of their own humour, conspire to impersonate the absent one for the sake of making money, or to rescue a comrade who has rashly married the absent one's widow; for more than one of these simple, genial, seagoing blunderers is hunted by some designing female, and lives in as mortal a fear of her as ever Captain Cuttle did of Mrs. MacStinger. Restricting himself largely to a single type of character, to a particular class of waterside scenery, Mr. Jacobs uses his material so deftly, brings so much of creative imagination and originality of outlook to his work, and always varies his details so skilfully, that you are never aware of any slight similarity in certain of his plots except upon deliberate afterthought, and his latest book is as fresh and as full of newness as his first.

He writes always restrainedly, with a luminous economy of words and a subtle skill in suggesting twice as much as he tells; nowhere is his own personality obtruded in humorous comments or facetious asides. His style is almost austere in its simplicity; it is so natural and unstrained that all the humour of it seems to come by accident. Beginning a story in simple seriousness, he unfolds it with careless ease, and while the reader is absorbing the first few lines with a half suspicion that it is not going to be funny, he is suddenly caught by some droll trick of phrase, and has scarcely begun to chuckle over it when he is involved in the grotesque or farcical merriment of the whole thing. It is not only on the oddity, the sometimes outrageously humorous absurdity of his plots, that Mr. Jacobs relies, he makes his effects even more by the eccentricities and bafflingly natural follies of his characters, the slyness and cleverness of his dialogue, with its frequent and unexpected turns of affected ingenuousness and innocent innuendo.

"'Where've you been?' ses Ginger, stretching himself and yawning.

"'Bisness,' ses Sam, sitting down an' looking very important. 'While you've been laying on your back all day me an' Peter Russet 'as been doing a little 'eadwork.'

"'Oh!' ses Ginger. 'What with?'"

Captain Flower, in "A Master of Craft," talking over his love embarrassments with the mate, has some idea of turning Elizabeth against him by giving her an unfavourable impression of his personal character:—

"'I shall come out all right,' said Flower. 'I rather enjoy it. There's Gibson would marry Elizabeth like a shot if she'd have him; but, of course, she won't look at him while I'm above ground. I have thought of getting somebody to tell Elizabeth a lot of lies about me.'

"'Why wouldn't the truth do?' enquired the mate, artlessly."

Coming back again to that grim other side of Mr. Jacobs' art, he has given us in "The Brown Man's Servant" and "The Monkey's Paw" two stories of eerie mystery and horror that in a certain dark imaginative power are unsurpassed outside the pages of Poe; the effect of the first is heightened by a wry humour that Poe had not, and of the latter by a pathos that is wrought to a pitch of almost painful intensity. "The Monkey's Paw" has been dramatised by Mr. Jacobs in collaboration with Mr. Louis Parker, and I was at a first night performance of it at the Haymarket. Probably you recollect the story: An old man and his wife come into possession of a monkey's paw that has been brought back by an old soldier from India. It was stolen from a Hindoo priest, whom the thieves murdered, and it retains this magic property, that the holder of it has but to express three wishes and they are assuredly granted; but the old soldier

warns them never to try it, as the gratification of such wishes is invariably attended with misfortune.

As a story, it is in conception and execution a gem of literary art, and the terror and pathos, the exquisite finish of it are transferred unimpaired to the play; the whole thing is intensely dramatic, and held the audience wonderfully. For myself, it so gripped and impressed me that for a while it put me out of the mood for the same author's "Beauty and the Barge," which followed it. I had and have nothing but admiration for it, and should be tempted to believe my judgment absolutely worthless, since every paper I saw next day dismissed the play briefly as merely morbid and gruesome, but one of them, and one of the leading ones, too, reassured me by demanding, with an absurdly unimaginative pomposity that amounted to genius, "What are we to assume was knocking at the door? Was it the partly decomposed body of the son, a runaway schoolboy, or a passing tramp?" It sounds incredible, but it is true; and yet some of us are still able to wonder why so few dramatists in these days waste any art on their dramas!

Happily Mr. Jacobs is as fine and conscientious an artist in his lighter and more easily comprehended work; his humour is everywhere unforced and irresistible, but he is at his best in short stories, and is indeed one of our few living masters of the difficult art of writing them. It is currently preached as a literary dogma that artistic work cannot be popular, and popular work cannot be artistic, but Mr. Jacobs has opened a door to heresy, for his books are both.

From a Drawing by Maurice Greiffenhagen. **"What's that?" cried the old woman.**—The Monkey's Paw.

(Reproduced from "The Lady of the Barge," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Bros.)

A SONG OF REST.

Sing us, O dear musicians, a song of lulling,
A song Lethean,
All drowsiness and rest and grief-annulling.
For strenuous pæan,
Urging to war and anxious rivalry,
He hath no need
Whose doom is war. Ah, nay! What need hath he
At resting-time
For aught but lulling rhyme
Or soothing reed?—
A sweet voice singing that all things are well;
A soft flute fluting its calm minstrelsies;
Earth's murmur vague as that within a shell;
And rest and ease?

We would forget the desolate deadly places
Of foiled endeavour;
Our victories too forget; our foes' dead faces
Forget for ever.
Our doom is war; we would forget our doom,
Would rest our ears,
Weary of hearkening through the night's long gloom
For sudden foes:
War-weary eyes would close
In dreams, not fears,
From searching the dim slopes for foemen cease.
From warfare would we cease, content and calm,
The flute-notes entering our hearts with peace,
The voice with balm.

Our doom is war; wherefore, O dear musicians,
Our hearts had rather
The flute than trumpet. As those wise physicians
Who daily gather
Poppy and eglantine and heart-of-ease
For their distilling,
Whate'er in songs high realms are kin to these
Go gather then
And bring again to men,
Physicians willing,
The healing of soft music, ere we go
To-morrow, trumpet-driven, the fighting way:
To-day the sweet voice singing we would know,
The flute to-day.

Frederick Niven.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"Reading is perhaps the greatest pleasure you will have in life, the one you will think of longest, and repent of least."—HAZLITT.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

POPULAR fame is not from the nature of things a prize that is likely to fall to the literary critic. His teaching may influence a century of thought. His happiest phrases may pass into the currency of speech. But the immortality of the great creative writers is denied him. Had Johnson and Lamb done nothing but criticism, their very names would now be unknown to thousands of those who are acquainted with the minutest details of their lives. That to many persons thoroughly well read in fiction and poetry and general literature Hazlitt is only a name is a matter neither for reproach nor for surprise. The critic addresses only a small and select audience. His reputation is decided by a special jury. The verdict in the case of Hazlitt was given in his lifetime, and has never been challenged. As Shelley is the poet's poet, Hazlitt has been acclaimed the critic's critic.

Hazlitt was born at Maidstone in 1778. He was the youngest son of a Unitarian minister who, after a number of years at Bandon, Cork, settled in Philadelphia and Boston. He returned to England, when Hazlitt was eight years old, to a Unitarian charge at Wem, Shropshire.

When only thirteen Hazlitt published a remarkable letter in defence of his father's friend, Dr. Priestley, whose house had been burned by the Birmingham mob. The most outstanding trait in Hazlitt's character is his hatred of intolerance. It is vigorously expressed even in this boyish letter. "'When I see,' says the great and admirable Robinson, 'a spirit of intolerance, I think I see the great Devil.' And 'tis certainly the worst of devils. . . . Your anti-Priestlian correspondents . . . will be forgotten in obscurity, or only remembered as the friends of bigotry and persecution, the most odious of all characters."

Hazlitt's early interests were all philosophical and political. His teacher at the Unitarian College at Hackney found him "in general of a dry and intractable disposition." By the time he was twenty, Hazlitt had abandoned the idea of the ministry. At the suggestion of his eldest brother, who had achieved distinction as a miniature painter, Hazlitt proceeded to study art at the Louvre. His career was not unsuccessful. His portraits led Northcote, the Academician, to say that had he stuck to the brush he would have made a great painter. But Hazlitt's ideals were high, and in art he failed to realise them. His best known portrait was one of his latest—that of Charles Lamb in the dress of a Venetian senator. The short apprenticeship to art was of invaluable use to the future critic. His writings are studded with allusions to painting. Many of his finest and most effective criticisms of poetry consist of parallels drawn between the sister arts.

In 1806 Hazlitt finally graduated as a man of letters. Already he had enjoyed the friendship of Coleridge for eight years, and it was from his first meeting with the poet that Hazlitt dated his intellectual birth. The story is told in a memorable essay, "My First Acquaintance with Poets." Hazlitt had little genius for friendship. Fortune brought him into touch with all the finest spirits of his time—Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and many more. But we seldom catch in his references to them any trace of the enthusiasm which flames forth the moment he treats of poets dead and gone. The exception he made in the case of Coleridge is thus the more impressive. We hear too much of the "quarrels of authors." In the literary hive it is no doubt necessary and essential that drones should be stung and thrown out. But to dwell unduly on this minor tragedy, as is commonly done, is an error both in natural and in literary history. Ample material awaits the future historian of the "friendship of authors." And in his anthology of generous eulogy a prominent place will assuredly be found for these words of William Hazlitt: "My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language that expresses itself, I owe to Coleridge."

Hazlitt's ability was such that he had no difficulty in getting work in London. He wrote political articles for the *Morning Chronicle*, dramatic criticism for the *Examiner*, and general essays for the brilliant *London Magazine*, which numbered Elia also among its contributors. Hazlitt's great flowering time was his first ten years in London, from 1812 to 1822. Every year of that period is a red-letter one in the Hazlitt calendar.

The work by which Hazlitt hoped to be remembered was his last, the "Life of Napoleon," in four volumes. When it was finished Hazlitt was on his death-bed, harassed by his publisher's failure, which robbed him of the reward of three years of strenuous work. The "Life of Napoleon" was necessarily unpopular in its own day, and it adds nothing to its author's fame. That rests securely on his essays and lectures on literature and on "The Spirit of the Age," an incomparable gallery of contemporary portraits. Of great philosophical acumen, he was a man of comparatively few books. Before writing his "Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth," he knew little of the subject apart from Shakespeare. From his friends Barry Cornwall and Lamb he borrowed the necessary volumes, and retired for six weeks to the country. When he came back, said Barry Cornwall, he was "fully impregnated with the subject, with his thoughts fully made up upon it, and with all his lectures written. And he then appeared to comprehend the character and merits of the old writers more thoroughly than any other person, although he had so lately entered upon the subject."

It was to Winterslow Hutt, six miles from Salisbury, that Hazlitt was in the habit of withdrawing for quiet, uninterrupted work. "In winter time," says Mr. Ireland, the editor of Hazlitt, "it must have been desolate beyond description—on wild nights especially—'heaven's chancel-vault' blind with sleet—the fierce wind sweeping down from the bare wolds around, and beating furiously against the doors and windows of the unsheltered hostelry." But the desolation was all external. When he returned from his long solitary tramps to the little parlour where "dishes of tea" innumerable awaited him, Hazlitt had no lack of company. In "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" he tells us of his friends with the fervour of a lover rather than the enthusiasm of the bookman.

> "They sit with me at breakfast; they walk out with me before dinner. After a long walk through unfrequented tracks, after starting the hare from the fern, or hearing the wing of the raven rustling above my head, or being greeted by the woodman's 'stern good-night,' as he strikes into his narrow homeward path, I can 'take mine ease at mine inn,' beside the blazing hearth, and shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance I have. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster, and Master Heywood are there, and seated round, discourse the silent hours away. Shakespeare is there himself, not in Cibber's manager's coat. Spenser is hardly yet returned from a ramble through the woods, or is concealed behind a group of nymphs, fawns, and satyrs. Milton lies on the table, as on an altar, never taken up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's Endymion sleeps with the moon, that shines in at the window, and a breath of wind stirring at a distance seems a sigh from the tree under which he grew old. Faustus disputes in one corner of the room with fiendish faces, and reasons of divine astrology. Bellafront soothes Matheo, Vittoria triumphs over her judges, and old Chapman repeats one of the hymns of Homer, in his own fine translation! I should have no objection to pass my life in this manner out of the world, not thinking of it, nor it of me: neither abused by my enemies nor defended by my friends; careless of the future, but sometimes dreaming of the past, which might as well be forgotten."

Not a poet himself, Hazlitt had a feeling for poetry and understood poetry as hardly any other critic has done. His judgment, as Professor Saintsbury points out, was often obscured by driving clouds of furious prejudice. But he strove to be a just judge, and if he was often less than fair, no one has ever denied his right to the splendid compliment that he never praised what was bad. His place of pride among English critics was won by a combination of qualities rare, if not unique. To very few critics are given both the unerring eye and the persuasive voice. It is Hazlitt's peculiar charm that he combines insight with enthusiasm. To listen to Hazlitt descanting on an author you know and love is to treble at once both your

Photo Francis, Walthamstow.

Photo Elliott & Fry.

MR. W. W. JACOBS.

knowledge and your love. He furnishes you with hooks of finest steel with which to grapple the subject to your heart.

Of few great English writers is so little generally known of their lives as of Hazlitt's. We might even say of him that he was greater as a bookman than as a man. He was, as Professor Saintsbury says, uncomfortable to know as a friend. Leigh Hunt observed that his hand was as cold as a fin. Hazlitt was uniformly unfortunate in his love affairs. Two unfortunate marriages and a sordid infatuation sum up the history of Hazlitt's heart. The man who could reveal undreamed-of beauties in Shakespeare's heroines failed in real life to distinguish paste from gems. In estimating Hazlitt's character, it is pleasing to fall back on the judgment of Charles Lamb, also a prince of critics, a good judge of men, necessarily very tolerant of human frailties. "I stood well with him for fifteen years (the proudest of my life), and have even spoken my full mind of him to some to whom his panegyric must naturally be least tasteful. I never in thought swerved from him; I never betrayed him; I never slackened in my admiration for him. I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the finest and wisest spirits breathing. . . . I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion."

Hazlitt died in London in 1830. His last words were, "Well, I've had a happy life." Hazlitt's nature was a self-centred one, and he depended little upon others for his happiness. Within a small circle his rare talents were appreciated to the full. Hazlitt's contemporary reputation suffered by the ardour of his political convictions and the fearlessness of his manner of expressing them. Along with all the Cockney School he was bitterly attacked by the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* in a happily forgotten style of literary ruffianism. Hazlitt for the most part ignored the thunders of those masked batteries. But once he turned, and with startling effect, on William Gifford, his persecutor in the *Quarterly*. "You are a nuisance, and should be abated," are the concluding words of this caustic rejoinder. After half a century the *Quarterly* printed Lytton's eulogistic estimate of Hazlitt. *Blackwood* repented sooner. Two years after Hazlitt's death Christopher North apologised handsomely enough in a passage which closes with his most famous utterance: "The animosities are mortal, the humanities live for ever."

Hazlitt's style is compounded of many excellences. In his essay on Burke, who was his great exemplar, Hazlitt distinguishes between "the inventive and refined or the impressive and vigorous styles." Of the latter Hazlitt himself is a master. He winds into his subject like Burke, unfolding his argument with a perfect lucidity. It is not possible to read far in Hazlitt without encountering some passage of engrossing eloquence. But Hazlitt's eloquence is never windy. It is "begotten of enthusiasm on thought." As he said of Burke, so of himself, "his style was forked and playful as the lightning, crested as the serpent. He delivered plain things on a plain ground; but when he rose, there was no end to his flights and circumgyrations." His ordinary style is the perfection of vigorous writing, free of meretricious ornament. One mannerism alone can be attributed to him, and to many it has seemed an added charm. This is Hazlitt's inveterate use of quotation—often not very accurate quotation. It is a fault, it is true, that can lean to virtue only in the hands of a great and original writer. That necessary qualification Hazlitt unquestionably possessed. His quotations are never used as an easy means of giving a borrowed originality to his own writing. They are there entirely for the value of their associations and their beauty—"jewels five words long" scattered over a brocade that in itself needs no adornment.

RANGER.

The following are some suggested text and reference books for the subject:—

William Hazlitt. Selections from his Writings, with a Memoir. By Alexander Ireland. 3s. 6d. (Warne and Co.)
Nineteenth Century Literature. By Professor Saintsbury.
Essays in English Literature. By Professor Saintsbury.
Hazlitt's Essays on Poetry. Ed. Nichol Smith. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Hazlitt's Spirit of the Age. 1s. net. (Richards' World Classics.)
Hazlitt's Essays. Intro. Herbert Paul. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
Hazlitt's Sketches and Essays. 1s. net. (Richards' World Classics.)
Hazlitt. By A. Birrell. E.M.L. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Hazlitt's Characters of Shakespeare's Plays and Lectures on the English Poets. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1905.

Answers to these competitions should be sent not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book in the August number of THE BOOKMAN.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best list of twenty reference books (excluding an encyclopædia) of the greatest use to writers and readers.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the three best quotations from any living author which present, *in the fewest words*, the most vivid and adequate description either of scene or of character.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to make use of any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss M. WILLIAMS, The Cedars, Sherborne, Dorset.

THE MEMOIRS OF CONSTANTINE DIX. By BARRY PAIN.

"Herein mean I to enrich my pain."
Midsummer Night's Dream, i. i. 250.

Good quotations were also submitted by Mr. G. Thomas, Trevose, Wrexham; and Miss M. A. M. Macalister, Torrisdale, Cambridge.

THE SUBURBAN. By T. W. H. CROSLAND.

"There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these your faithful friends o' the suburbs?"—*Henry VIII*, 5, iv. 77.

SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIAGE. By Y. Y.

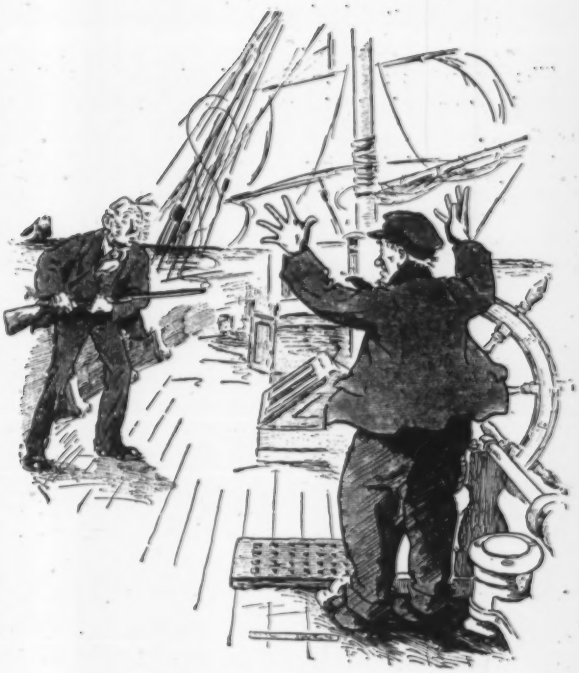
("A life of Shakespeare in ten lines exhausts every known fact.")

W. S. (loq.) "No, no! but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? What of that?"—*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 5, 47

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month for naming the ten characters indicated by

"The great thing was to get Teddy Silk home."

(Reproduced from "At Sunwich Port," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)



"It's pointing towards me," said the mate.

(Reproduced from "Dialstone Lane," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

"I saw the bell go up an' down without 'ands."

(Reproduced from "A Master of Craft," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

There was unpleasantness all around then.—
A Will and a Way.

(Reproduced from "Light Freights," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

From Drawings by Will Owen.

certain quotations has been won by Mr. C. F. SEWELL, who is requested to send his address. Six of the ten characters were correctly identified by Miss KATHLEEN HUXLEY, College Green, Gloucester; and Miss B. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

The characters are as follows, in the order of the quotations as printed in the July number of THE BOOKMAN.

Amelia Sedley (Vanity Fair); Catherine Earnshaw (Wuthering Heights); Clara Middleton (The Egoist); Newman Noggs (Nicholas Nickleby); Jeanie Deans (Heart of Midlothian); Sir Brian Newcome (The Newcomes); Catherine Morland (Northanger Abbey); Herbert Pocket (Great Expectations); Frank Leigh (Westward Ho!); Mr. Bridmain (Scenes of Clerical Life).

[In the list of prize-winners under this section in the July number of THE BOOKMAN the name of Mr. C. Eiloart, Carmalt Gardens, Putney, was accidentally omitted.]

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best list of twenty rare or obsolete English words which might advantageously be revived, has been gained by Miss M. A. M. MACALISTER, Torrisdale, Cambridge, who submitted the following list:—

1. *Amerce* = to punish by fine or otherwise: [Milton, Shakespeare.]
2. *Daysman* = umpire, arbiter. [Job ix. 22, A.V.]
3. *Eftsoons* = soon after, at once. [Spenser, Shakespeare.]
4. *Elsewhen* = at other times.
5. *Foison* = abundance. [Shakespeare, Lowell.]
6. *Forspent* = wearied out. [Shakespeare.]
7. *Forthright* = straightforward, direct. [Shakespeare.]
8. *Housel* = to administer the Eucharist to. [Chaucer], also Subst. = Eucharist.
9. *Losel* = a worthless person, vagabond. [Spenser, Byron.]
10. *Maugre* = in spite of. [Chaucer, Shakespeare.]
11. *Meiny* = household, retinue. [Chaucer, Shakespeare.]
12. *Orts* = fragments, refuse. [Shakespeare.]
13. *Rathe* = early, premature. [Spenser, Milton.]
14. *Swink* = toil. [Spenser, Sir Samuel Ferguson.]
15. *Thankworthy* = deserving thanks. [1 Peter ii. 19, A.V.]
16. *Thole* = to endure (can be used intransitively.) [Chaucer, Gower.]
17. *Surcease* = cessation, coming to an end. [Shakespeare, Bacon.]
18. *Wanhope* = faint hope, loss of hope. ["Piers Plowman," Chaucer]
19. *Whilom* = formerly, quondam. [Chaucer.]
20. *Withsay* = to contradict, deny. [Chaucer.]

Many admirable lists were submitted for this competition, which proved to be the most popular of the month. Among the best were those sent by H. T. Harding, Newbury, Berks; Archibald Dix, St. Mark's Street, Gloucester; A. L., High Street, Nairn; Horace Smith, Denmark Hill, S.E.; Miss Hart-Davis, Caversham, Reading; G. Thomas, Trevose, Wrexham.

The following are some of the words suggested by the above-mentioned competitors:—Fardel, dole, busk, wanhope, wilding, slugabed, ruth, varlet, eke, welkin, eftsoons, sooth, haply, verily, peradventure, bale, nathless, certes, wot, childe, cocker, afterclaps.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to Miss D. M. FORD, Stonehouse, Gloucester; and "ANONYMOUS," 6, Bentinck Villas, Stanley Road, Wakefield, Yorkshire, whose suggestions are embodied in the second and third of THE BOOKMAN Competitions for August.

New Books.

A PAINTER'S PERSONALITY.*

In the case of G. F. Watts, the wish for information about the man is to some extent a criticism of the painter. The curiosity is not of a vulgar kind, which asks for gossip or will be satisfied with it. It springs from a more or less conscious acknowledgment that Watts was not completely revealed in his art. He felt this himself. Frequently in his conversation he indicated a sense of the inadequacy of paint to express the particular thoughts or emotions for which he sought utterance. Making allowance for his habit of depreciating his own work, there was something cogent in his saying that he ought to have been a musician instead of a painter. He heard melodies and harmonies without conscious thought, whereas only one picture—"Time, Death, and Judgment"—had ever come to him as a vision. In the matter of his pictures, indeed, there is a wide diversity of opinion. The art of Watts is a sad disturber of judgments on paint. Mrs. Barrington says that the Grosvenor Exhibition of 1882 "silenced once and for all those who maintained that his real gift as an artist was confined to portrait-painting, that his other efforts were but ambitious failures." Some of them, we rather fancy, found tongue again in the Winter Exhibition of 1905. It is not altogether a question of opposite schools or principles of criticism. It is quite as much a matter of temperament. There are those who are, and those who constitutionally refuse to be, warmed at Watts' allegorical pictures. That is why we say that his art is a disturber of artistic judgments. But in the estimate of all there is the assumption that in or behind these pictures was a great personality. In his case, it is felt, his canvasses are not the painter's best biography, and we look for one by an adequate authority which shall explain and give a just measure of that personality.

Mrs. Russell Barrington's book, often enlightening and interesting though it be, is not such a biography. It covers intimately one period of the life only, and that not the most important. It is not the most important, for it is not the period of the man in the making. Watts was born in 1817. He won the prize in the cartoon competition in 1843, and the same year he went to Italy, and did not return until 1847. It was nearly a quarter of a century later that began the close friendship, lasting until the artist's death, on which this volume of reminiscences is based. Much that moulded him, we may almost say everything that moulded him, had happened ere that. Shortly before the Barringtons became his neighbours in Melbury Road, "circumstances had occurred which made him more than ever desirous of consecrating the whole of his life to his work." In these reminiscences of him toiling unremittingly and with wholehearted earnestness in that resolve, we have the proof of a strong and interesting personality; but the explanation of it is to be found in an earlier period, if it is to be found at all. So with his painting, at least as painting: we wish to get back beyond the point where these reminiscences begin. Those especially will wish to do so who found at the Watts exhibition this spring the technical excellence of the very early works a delightful surprise. It had surprised the artist himself. When he recovered "The Wounded Heron," having for many years almost forgotten its existence, he wrote, "When you have a moment, pop into the gallery, where you will see something which puts me to the greatest confusion!"

Some glimpses of this earlier time we do get, however, in this volume. Mrs. Barrington finds an explanation of much in Watts' work and nature in the fact that he was a Celt. There is this amount of truth in her proposition that his father, a not over-successful inventor, was a Hereford man, who had come up to London not very long before the son's birth. His art was no more Celtic than it was evangelical, like the household he was brought up in. As regards general education he was self-taught, to an extent shown in the remark that "the change that took place in his handwriting between the time that he was twenty and sixty tells volumes . . . the short scrawls [after 1876] were in the handwriting of a very cultured person." Some things in the conditions of his youth he regretted, but "he told me,

* "G. F. Watts: Reminiscences." By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 21s. net. (George Allen.)

when he was sixty years of age, that looking back on the past, the happiest days he could remember were those when as a student he was leading the simplest of lives and working hard in London, going often in the evenings to Clapham, where he joined a class for choral singing, music being ever to him a source of the greatest delight." His art education included a few weeks only at the Royal Academy Schools. He learned little there, but there was one happy moment in them, when the master, holding up his drawing in view of the whole class, said, "Now, that is how I like to see a drawing done," referring to the precision of the line. He was better inspired in Behnes' studio, listening to discussions on the Elgin Marbles, which he visited often in the British Museum from his rooms in Charlotte Street. To the Marbles he said he owed everything, which was true in a very literal sense. But it is not true to say that there is no trace of any painter's influence in his early pictures. Mrs. Barrington tells us that Watts admired Etty greatly, and regretted that he was so much ignored by the younger men, but she scarcely seems to realise the extent to which he was affected by him. How much the painter of the "Heron" (1837) and the "Aurora" owed to Etty was apparent to anyone who saw Etty's "Venus and her Doves," which was at Whitechapel this winter when the Watts were at Burlington House. We have here, as the painter told it, the story of how he came to remain in Italy for four years, from twenty-six to thirty, as the guest of Lord Holland—a turning-point in his life, not least of all because of the social place he took in the world in consequence. But these glimpses of his youth are few, and of the middle period of his life, between 1848 to 1876, we see nothing at all.

It is, then, Watts after sixty who appears in these intimate pages—for no one can complain that Mrs. Barrington is not sufficiently frank. But Watts lived for thirty years thereafter, absorbed in a lofty ambition; frail of body, and discarding the facility acquired in youth, toiling to realise it with experimental methods in the most difficult of mediums. Not having the understanding of springs and motives which a knowledge of his youth and earlier manhood might give, we find the spectacle curious, and just a little creepy. Such is the effect produced by Mrs. Barrington's picture. That it is disproportioned goes without saying, and whether so personal a presentation at this moment is well-advised is at least doubtful. But there is no question about its fascination.

Watts built his house in Melbury Road with only one bedroom besides those for servants. This was to obviate any possibility of staying guests. His aim was fixed, on which thereafter he was to remain so constant. He was going "to use his gifts in the cause of raising art to the same level of culture in England as that on which great poetry and great music stood." There is nothing to show, indeed quite the contrary, that he was able to compute the level at which, relatively, literature and music stood in England. But the purpose, like his avowal of it, sets it apart from the ambitions of ordinary men. He isolated himself to fulfil it, preparing himself by solitary, silent hours in his studio for its accomplishment, directing his habit of life, his reading apparently, and even the choice of his intimates, according as they should aid him. He gave up the use of models, as being unfitting with his themes, adding enormously to his difficulties thereby. His regret when he discovered the superior finish of his own earlier work was only that he had not secured a power of painting of like precision in which to record the ideas in his "Anthems." For the abandonment of his earlier methods was the deliberate attempt of a craftsman to bring conception and interpretation into harmony. He was always experimenting to that end: he had what he called "field-days" with certain pigments. When the precious discoveries were told to Leighton, he, sceptical as to their importance, would exclaim, "Oh, la cuisine, Mrs. Barrington! la cuisine!" And as deep as this absorption of Watts in his work was his absorption in himself. He took a great interest in the working of his own mind. Walter Bagehot, we are told, would say, "If you have a mind to play with it's so much the best game, you need have no other." Certainly, Mrs. Barrington remarks, Watts had plenty of that game at his command. That, indeed, is the chief impression left by her reminiscences, which whet our desire for a completer biography of a man so consistent in his work, so, evidently, inconsistent outside of it, and always interesting.

The volume is beautifully got up and illustrated, many of the reproductions being of works which most readers will not have had an opportunity of seeing.

MR. SWINBURNE AS A STORY-TELLER.*

"As it has pleased you," says the author, addressing Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, "to disinter this buried bantling of your friend's literary youth, and to find it worth resurrection, I must inscribe it to you as the person responsible for its revival." Thirty years ago, we are told, these Letters came out in a forgotten publication under a lady's name. Their fresh appearance, signed by the poet, approved by so eminent a critic, will secure for them a wide circle of readers; it has an interest rather literary than of the novel-devouring sort, and in ways which deserve notice. Mr. Swinburne does not anticipate more than "the twilight of publicity" in sending forth his venture. But, of course, he stands in the sunshine; whatever a man of his genius undertakes will come into its full noon. Let us say immediately that this eighteenth-century masquerade, without reminding us of Richardson, brings back, though dated round 1860, the mixed passion, cynicism, polish, and frivolous-earnest unbelief, that old French correspondence exhibits. There is nothing popular in it, but much to be enjoyed by a connoisseur of dainty letter-writing, as Mme. du Deffand or Mlle. de l'Espinasse practised the art.

Now that is an achievement. We might go further and call Lady Midhurst a creation, had she not a clear ancestry among the Frenchwomen who have left us their wicked and sparkling comments on life as though it were a play written for their amusement. In the language of novels, this supremely clever old lady, *très grande dame*, is a witch. Her cauldron, set brewing on hot coals, is never suffered to rest; it bubbles over with mischief, and she throws into it as ingredients the hearts of children, grandchildren, strangers and kinsfolk gaily, just to see how they will simmer. Yet she has odd, genuine human feelings; once or twice almost a tear in her evil eyes. She is utterly French, of the moral-anarchic, Balzac-dowager type, imaginatively perverse, fit for the faggot which will not, in our milder days, be kindled. The English of her letters is admirable, the French superb. Herein, had anyone thought of the poet masquerading in a woman's cloak, Mr. Swinburne would have been discovered from the first. We may think his English prose in other works too resplendent, alliterative, and ample; here it is subdued to mere excellence, and he cannot hinder his persons from breaking out into the choicest of French—rather Hugo than Musset, indeed—but always delightful. The embroidered wickedness, too—if no action for slander lurk in such a specification—that hangs round Lady Midhurst and throws its fringe into the "Prologue,"—we know where it comes from, why it flicks the good Lord Cheyne with a scorpion-touch. Did not Dr. Max Nordau find in certain poems and ballads what he called "Diabolism"? Well, well, —thirty years are a generation and the world changes. If Lucifer edited a love-comedy, he would send the proofs for revision to Lady Midhurst.

She is, in fact, the story; all the rest are puppets—as she pulls the wires they dance. Not stupid puppets by any means. Redgie Harewood is the liveliest; unlike Hannah More with Dr. Johnson, he "gains upon" us; even in his highly reprehensible pursuit of the married Clara we see the dawn of better things; let us hope he went into the army and died amid battle-smoke. Clara herself, a shadowy, enigmatic Mary Stuart (in the questionable version which Mr. Swinburne judges most opulent for poetry) is not enough in our sight. Others describe her; the witch-aunt or grandparent mercilessly; but we want a little more confession on the culprit's part. Here Balzac would have done sublime feats of authorship, ending no doubt in catastrophe. The correspondence has its mourning episodes; but it was meant to be satirical on the virtues and bigotry that park in (or do they?) our British homes when the Redgie Harewoods assail them; and so Clara leaps no paling, though Harewood comes nigh to breaking his neck. The husbands in this tournament are handled a little scornfully; religion cannot make us admire the one nor science the other, which is regrettable. But, then, if they write letters none are given, so we have to quality them by hearsay.

* "Love's Cross-Currents—A Year's Letters." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

It is not a comparison—merely a reminiscence—but those who are acquainted with Jane Austen's "Lady Susan" will find her in these pages, grown old and past marrying, not past mischief-making. The glitter and the flicker of Congreve, too, strike out as we turn them. In short, they are literature. They amuse, interest, occasionally tease, and should be taken as light comedy. How unexpected a note in Mr. Swinburne that is need not be dwelt upon. He has given us neither a romance nor a novel, perhaps; but he has added a volume to the great French series of Letters by Clever Women of the World. WILLIAM BARRY.

NORWAY AND THE UNION WITH SWEDEN.*

The notice which the recent controversy in the columns of the *Times* attracted, waged as it was by probably the two greatest living explorers, Dr. Nansen and Dr. Sven Hedin, testifies to the interest of the British public in the relations of Norway and Sweden. And this interest is certainly not merely the tourist interest of our countrymen who annually make their holiday in Scandinavia, and bring back with their photographs of scenery a transient curiosity in the problems of the countries visited. Discuss Norway or Sweden with the average British citizen, even one who has never seen the Riddarhus at Stockholm or the Hardanger Fiord, and you will certainly find that while his knowledge of Scandinavian history is nebulous and inaccurate, perhaps non-existent, while he cannot tell you whether Ibsen or Grieg is a Dane, a Norwegian, or a Swede, he has two very strong sentiments—a sincere admiration for the character and achievements of the Scandinavian people, a deep regret that Norway and Sweden have failed to make their union a working success. To the rule that Englishmen are not for the most part interested in foreign countries, it is no exaggeration to assert that there are two notable exceptions. Our affection for Italy is historic and genuine; our affection for the Scandinavian peoples is not less genuine, and really draws its strength from a far longer past if we only knew what our history had to tell us. For example, there is not a British citizen who would not gladly see Finland restored to Sweden, or Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, and like many other historical students I have often been asked the obvious but difficult question, Why have these three Scandinavian peoples, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, so closely allied by blood, language, religion, and common interests, not united to form in the Baltic a Great Scandinavia, as there is a Great Britain and Ireland further west? Hence Dr. Nansen has been well advised to publish this little book. His name is a household word in Great Britain, and the subject is one, despite our profound interest, of which we are as a nation profoundly ignorant—not merely of that long stretch of Norwegian history between the Union of Kalmar and the Treaty of Kiel, but of the circumstances under which the modern union with Sweden was formed, the nature of the union and the unhappy controversies that have arisen under it. Dr. Nansen's ninety odd pages are devoted partly to filling this gap in British knowledge, as well as to explaining the chief points in the present deadlock. But this is not really the most important part of his little book. Scientific students of politics—and in dealing with political problems Englishmen are by temperament and training almost naturally scientific—invariably premise that the first essential is to understand the point of view of the parties. National and political sentiment may or may not be historically justifiable, but it is always the capital fact in every great political problem. What is it the Norwegians desire? To what do they aspire, and why? Do they desire it unitedly, or are there parties with conflicting programmes and diverse objects? These are questions which every Englishman is asking to-day, but no Englishman can satisfactorily answer. The answer, however, can now be found in Dr. Nansen's book. And if a foreigner may venture to express an opinion, the views expressed so clearly, moderately, and firmly by Dr. Nansen are what the Norwegians are entitled to hold. In short, this is the case of a united nation, and unity is not merely strength, but here, as always, an ultimatum. Historical "facts" may be disputed; interpretation of contracts may in good faith lead to contradictory conclusions; the unanimity of a nation is at once elemental and final. Two further remarks may perhaps be permitted. There is, of course, a Swedish case also. As a student of Swedish history, whose sympathy with her present and belief in her future justifiably rests on a reasoned admiration for her magnificent past, I must frankly admit that Dr. Nansen's book only confirms a previous conviction that the Swedish case does not really meet the gravamen of the Norwegian argument. Secondly, will not Dr. Nansen expand his last chapter? The friends of Norway are also the friends of Sweden. They sincerely hope that Norway will vindicate her claims to-day by showing that the dissolution or revision of the present union will not bring about a disastrous and helpless separation of three kindred nations, but rather a more real co-operation, a more effective alliance of "The Three Crowns" for common ends of far-reaching importance to European civilisation. It is uncertainty precisely about this momentous issue that not unnaturally has bred misgiving as to the justice and wisdom of Norway's case in the minds of many British friends of the Scandinavian cause to-day. Dr. Nansen could not serve that cause more effectively than by adding a succinct and authoritative statement of the programme of the political future on behalf of those who have a right to speak for Norway, and on whom will rest the duty and responsibility of loyally carrying out their pledges. C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

* "Norway and the Union with Sweden." By Fridtjof Nansen. 2s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE.*

Mr. A. J. Balfour's presidential address to the British Association last year would have gained in point and clearness if he had been able to read this book before he wrote. It gives a coherent and on the whole a lucid account of the recent work of Professor Thomson and the staff of the Cavendish Laboratory, of Becquerel, the Curies, Ramsay, Rutherford, Soddy, Lockyer, and others—in its bearing on the electrical nature of matter, the facts of radio-activity, the evolution and inter-relations of the so-called chemical elements, and the meteoritic hypothesis. Here and there it is decorated somewhat gaudily by passages of "fine writing"; for example:

> What a phantasmagoric dance it is, this dance of atoms! And what a task for the Master of the Ceremonies. For mark you the mutabilities of things. These same atoms, maybe, or others like them, come together again, vibrating, clustering, interlocking, combining, and there results a woman, a flower, a blackbird, or a locust, as the case may be. But to-morrow again the dance is ended and the atoms are far away; some of them are in the fever germs that broke up the dance, others are "the green hair of the grave," and others are blown about the antipodes on the winds of the ocean. The mutabilities of things, and likewise the tears of things: for one thing after another,
>
> "Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
> Lighting a little hour or two—is gone,"
>
> and the eternal, ever-changing dance goes on.

But these "purple patches" are easily separable from the texture of the book: they are in it but not really of it. When he sets himself resolutely to his task of exposition, the author can be as plain in his neatness as the dignity of the subject demands. He expects nothing from his reader but "a high school education and a love of contemporary natural knowledge." He avoids the merely historical method, and builds up his account of the new science from the standpoint of simplicity of apprehension. The new facts and the vistas they open up to the trained imagination are consecutively set forth in the order which best brings out their mutual relations. The reader is led on, over rough places where he will need all his high-school algebra and dynamics and chemistry to make sure of his footing, with growing confidence that his guide knows the way, and that the goal is worth reaching. From the three entities—matter, ether, and energy—he passes to molecules and atoms, to the periodic law with its baffling suggestions and brilliant forecasts; thence to the ions that conduct electricity, and its corpuscular carriers or electrons. Next he reaches radio-activity and the mystery of radium, with its rays and emanations, its prodigious stores of endatomic energy, its growth, and its decay into inert and elemental helium. If

* "The New Knowledge: a popular account of the new physics and new chemistry in their relation to the new theory of matter." By Robert Kennedy Duncan, Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

From a Drawing by Will Owen.

W. W. Jacobs.

(Reproduced by the courtesy of "The Tatler," owners of the copyright.)

one metal may thus "transmute" itself, why may not all? The alchemist may have been right in his aim, though his methods were futile. *Are* the "elements" elementary and simple, or are they but complex arrangements of one primitive matter? Questions like these are not merely posed and left: they are faced, and the reader is helped to answer them in the latter half of the book. What if the distinction between matter and electricity is superfluous? Hitherto the corpuscles of which matter is built have been conceived as "carriers" of electricity: what if the carrier and the charge be one? A charge moving with sufficient speed would have the property we assign, as fundamental and characteristic, to the carrying mass, namely, the property of *inertia*. The principle of economy suggests that we dispense with the notion of matter as unnecessary, and thus lightened we are brought with a bound to the electronic theory (not *electrotonic*, as the author repeatedly calls it): namely, that particles of matter are but particles of negative electricity in swift motion through the ether. Leaving the earth, where the meagreness of our laboratory resources hinders our quest, we are next directed to the sun and stars. By spectrum analysis we are able to test our conclusions, under conditions of scale and temperature that have no parallel on this cold and narrow planet. The evidence that the elements *are* dissolved by fervent heat, that from hot star to cold they increase in complexity and in variety, that there is a rhythmic process of inorganic evolution and involution, is cumulative, consistent, ineluctable. Professor Duncan skilfully turns the new light backward over the way he has traversed, and shows that it was straight and wisely chosen. He throws it forward, and thereby illumines in part the untrodden path ahead. The sources of the sun's heat, the earth's age, the phenomena of the aurora, the zodiacal light, and the nebulæ, the decay and rebirth of the cosmos, all come within the sweep of his holophote. And he leaves us with the conviction that we are not toiling on a fool's chase, but have in our hands a clue that will bring us nearer to the ultimate reality of things.

The book is one to be digested by the thoughtful man who has *heard* of the new discoveries, and wants to *know*. Not for its information merely, though that is in the main both accurate and full, but for its suggestion, for its call upon the thinking powers of its readers, the book deserves a cordial welcome from "laymen in science."

DONALD MACALISTER.

GISSING'S LAST NOVEL.*

There is little or no doubt that in his later years Gissing wearied of the long wait for popularity and began to write for it. He had concluded, as his Will Warburton does here, that "to make money is a good and joyful thing as long as one doesn't bleed the poor"; he had said to himself, as his young artist Franks says, "People have got hold of an idea that if a thing is popular it must be bad art. That's all rot. I'm going in for popularity." And there was no reason why he should not have gone in for it, except that a man of his sincerity cannot by a mere effort of will vary his outlook and write, against the grain, something that shall satisfy the majority. Thackeray and Dickens did not write for popularity, they wrote in the style that was natural to them, and it happened to be popular; with Meredith and Hardy it has, for obvious reasons, been otherwise, and it was otherwise with George Gissing. Some of his critics used to reprove him for his gloomy views of life, as if it were desirable that all novelists should be of the same optimistic temperament and monotonously regard the world from the same standpoint: they were continually urging him to be less depressing, to look more on the brighter side of things, to write more hopefully, seeming to think, indeed, that the only right thing for him, as a sincere artist, to do was to write of humanity not as he saw it but as they saw it; and I have often read with wonder their wonderings at his perversity in choosing sombre themes and writing of them sombrely. They might almost as rationally have been puzzled that Dante did not leave the Inferno alone and give us something cheery, in the manner of "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg." An author can, of course, do nothing well except his own work; a novelist can only tell his own stories; Gissing could no more have written Guy Boothby's novels, for instance, than Boothby could have written his; he might have produced something in the same kind, but it would not have been so well done, because his heart could never have been in the doing of it. In "The Crown of Life" and in "The Town Traveller" he apparently accepted the counsel of certain of his critics and made a bid for popularity by attempting the lighter vein, the happy ending, and as a consequence these books have nothing, or next to nothing, of the strength, of the dark but vital earnestness that make such as his "New Grub Street" something greater than the successful novels of a season.

"Will Warburton" is in this later manner; it is a story one may read with interest and with pleasure, unless he is an admirer of the real Gissing; then his interest and pleasure are rather tempered with regret. Not that the story is not clever enough in its way. The characters of Warburton and of young Franks are a fine study in contrasts, and Rosamund Elvan, if a little sketchy, is drawn with subtle irony and lifelikeness. Warburton is practically ruined by the careless, unintentional fraud of his partner, and the small fortune his mother and sister had entrusted to him for investment is lost with his own. He cannot bring himself to tell them of their misfortune, but, resolved to earn his living and to pay them the full interest on their money, goes into business as a retail grocer, opens a shop in South London, and himself serves behind the counter. For a while he keeps his occupation a secret, but by degrees the deception weighs upon him until it becomes unendurable. He is relieved when Rosamund, coming into the shop with her friend Bertha Cross, discovers him, and thenceforth he reveals the truth everywhere, with various results. Meanwhile Franks, who had entered on his artistic career with very high ideals, has lowered his standards, and is painting for popularity with noisy success. Rosamund, full of a shallow romantic sentiment, had met him in his struggling days and become engaged to him, but she breaks the engagement when, to make the money to marry her, he paints for the market. "Oh, I can't bear to think what it all means," she says to Bertha. "Now that it's too late, I see what I ought to have done. In spite of everything and everybody, I ought to have married him in the first year, when I had courage and hope enough to face any hardships. We spoke of it, but he was too generous. What a splendid thing to have starved with him—to have worked for him whilst he was working for art and fame, to have gone through all that together, and have come out triumphant! That was a life worth living. But to begin marriage at one's ease on the profits of pictures such as 'Sanctuary'—oh, the shame of it! Do you think I could face the friends who would come to see me?" But the fact is, she has grown to love Warburton—till she learns that he is a grocer; then she evades him when he comes to declare his passion, wins Franks back again, and marries him, persuading herself and trying to persuade others that his commercial pictures are high and great art; and in the end Warburton has reason to be happy as a grocer. The book is skilfully contrived and admirably written; its people are veritably human, it has something of humour and pathos, and is edged with delicate satire of both art and life. It would enhance the reputations of many authors, but it adds nothing to Gissing's, for it is not of his best.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Will Warburton." By George Gissing. 6s. (Constable.)

EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

This is the third biography of a man who shrank from publicity. His literary executor, Mr. Aldis Wright, in editing FitzGerald's Letters, showed commendable restraint in avoidance of matters of private import, contenting himself with supplying a connecting thread of brief elucidation where necessary. But there followed upon this an avid demand for details which have been unsparingly supplied. Fugitive articles in magazines, the best of these coming from the pen of the lamented Francis Hindes Groome, preceded a couple of biographies which had much in common in furnishing the maximum of fact with the minimum of illumination. Like the truthseeker in the "Rubáiyát," we heard many things "about it and about," but never reached the heart of it. To Mr. Glyde and Mr. Thomas Wright succeeds Mr. Benson, who has, on the whole, acquitted

* "Edward FitzGerald." 2s. net. E.M.L. By A. C. Benson. (Macmillan and Co.)

Photo Biograph Co.

MAJOR SMEDLEY: "She's locked up and she can't jump."
ETHEL: "Oh, what stories! Look!"

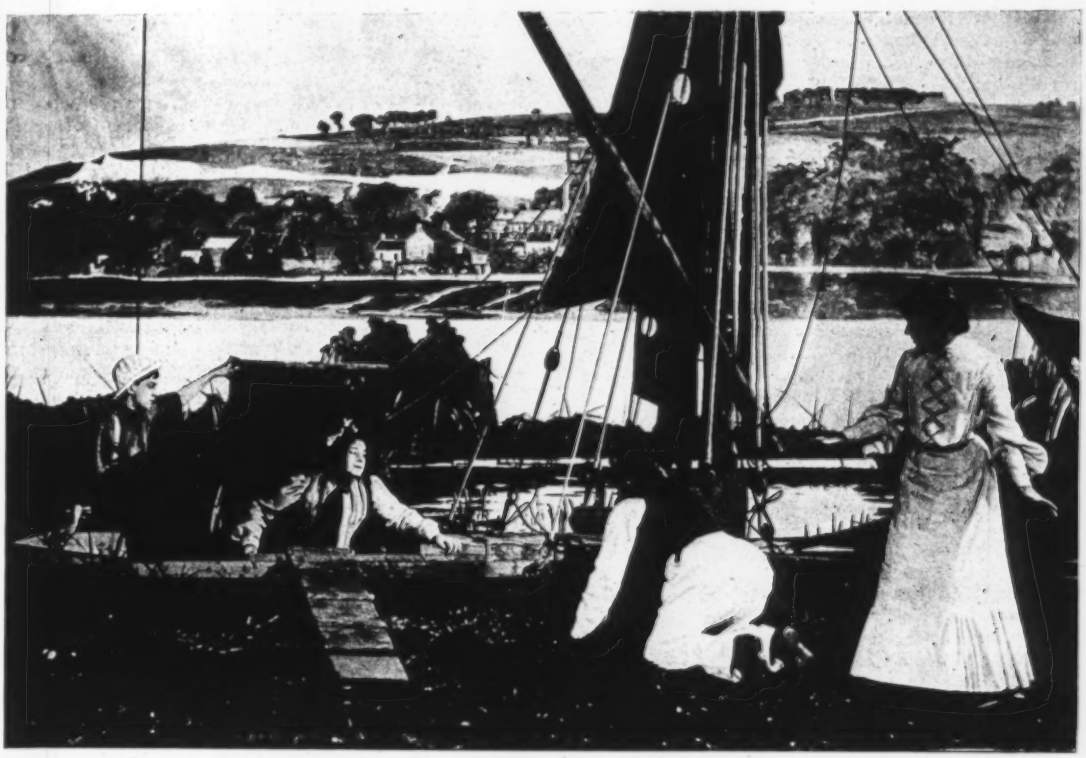


Photo F. W. Burford.

From Mr. Jacobs's Play, "Beauty and the Barge."

MRS. BALDWIN: "He called me his—his 'lily of the valley'!"
(Reproduced by courtesy of The Stage Pictorial Publishing Co., Ltd.)

himself well of a difficult task. Success he has not achieved, not because he lacks perspicacity, or effort to be sympathetic, but because he has to deal with a character as elusive of grasp as a sunray; nay, more elusive, since to no critical prism will it yield the secret of its component parts.

Mr. Benson has the saving grace, rare among biographers, of a sense of proportion. He seizes on essentials, yet allows trifles, so far as they help towards interpretation, to have their place. Save in access to some unpublished letters in Mr. Aldis Wright's possession, which are "too technical for publication," the materials drawn upon for the sketch of FitzGerald's ancestry, family, friendships, and career (if Mr. Benson will allow this term to a life which he adjudges as too infirm of purpose for large result), are common property, and these materials he has skilfully manipulated. The summary of FitzGerald's writings which fills the fifth chapter is admirable, and there will be little dissent from Mr. Benson's judgments upon them. Of course "Omar" is first; "Salámán and Absál" (which Fitzgerald says, in an unpublished letter to Bernard Quaritch, "the Printers will call Solomon and Absolom") is a bad second, and the rest nowhere. For the "Salámán of Jami," which was published in 1856, three years before the "Rubáiyát of Omar," FitzGerald had a kindly feeling. This comes out in letters to Quaritch, also unpublished, of which I was allowed to make copies. Under date of November 23rd, 1878, FitzGerald writes: "I must for the present abide by what I wrote before, viz., that I do not care to reprint 'Omar' alone, and you would not care to reprint him in Company which might detract from what little Profit he can bring you in." And this decision is confirmed in a letter three months later, stipulating that "'Omar,' who is to stand first, be never reprinted separate from 'Jami,'" the decision being emphasised by Mr. Aldis Wright, who told Quaritch in a letter dated January 1st, 1888, that he could not "violate FitzGerald's distinct orders." Since then Mr. Aldis Wright has consented, pretty frequently, to the violation, his justification for which it would be interesting to hear.

Perhaps the best feature of this monograph is in the ingenious interweaving of extracts from the incomparable letters, so that they fall into their right place in the fabric of incidents. Wonderful they are; and Mr. Benson, like all of us, yields himself to their charm "for the careless picture they give of a certain type of retired and refined country life, for their unconsidered glimpses of great personalities, and for the fact that they present a very peculiar and interesting point of view, a delicate criticism of life from a highly original standpoint."

The difficulty which confronts Mr. Benson, and which he has not surmounted, is in the "endeavour to fix the position of FitzGerald with regard to the literary tradition of the age." He had better have left it alone, as also the attempt at any estimate of the man. FitzGerald would have shown small patience over chatter about "literary traditions," and his place in the centre or the circumference. He was too erratic a star to permit the taking of his intellectual parallax. And in the last chapter, where analysis of his character is presented, the impression is given that Mr. Benson has not made up his mind what to say. One sentence qualifies another, and hesitancy is the dominant note. He makes us impatient over the moral which he strives to deduce from a life about whose indecision and lack of fibre he becomes preceptive almost to the point of pedagogy. Were it not better, such seems the burden of it all, that FitzGerald had bound himself more to the service of his fellows, and lived the "practical life" whose result might have been some great creative work, whereby deliverance from melancholy would have come to him, and through him, joy to others? "They also serve who only stand and wait," and we cannot wish FitzGerald to have been other than he was. His days were filled with kindly deeds, his left hand knowing not what his right hand bestowed; pure in heart, unsmirched by vicious habits, he kept himself unspotted from the world; money was only the means to unselfish ends, his scorn was for "the petty race of Squires who only use the Earth for an Investment"; he was the loyallest of men, with friendships "like loves"; his joys were in books, "with the nightingale singing and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off," and in the company of those "who go down to the sea in ships." Thus, far from ignoble strife of tongues and free from lust of gain, he spent a life to which, in the judgment of one re-reviewer of Mr. Benson's book, there came "a deplorable old age"! What would our censors have had FitzGerald do? Was it not enough to have given his generation, and generations to come, the "Rubáiyát" for their pondering, and the "Letters" for their delight? EDWARD CLODD.

RUSSIA IN PEACE AND WAR.*

Russia and Mackenzie Wallace are two names that are indissolubly connected in the mind of every cultured Englishman. No one who proposed seriously to look into things Russian ever set out for that country without having first perused the standard work that is now once again set before us up-to-date; no one with the means and experience for judging but has felt that it was hopeless to attempt anything more clear or, within the general range, more thorough than the delineation of Russian life, customs, and conditions that these well-known volumes contain. Much has happened since 1877 when the first edition of this work appeared, and it is a somewhat unusual circumstance, on which the author may well be congratulated, that after the passage of more than a quarter of a century we are able to have from the same hand the continuation of the story, —a fresh copy of the picture with all the strength of the original, but with the additions and subtler shadings that are the expression of the riper judgment of years.

From the very first paragraph of the initial chapter onwards one becomes aware that the whole book has been recast and in great part rewritten, although probably the amount of change that would have to be recorded of European Russia is much less than in any other country on that continent during the period under review; and yet none of the chapters have lost the old sparkle or easy didacticism even if the line of cleavage between the old and the more recent formation is sometimes quite obtrusive. The chapter on the Village Priest is still eloquent of the pathos and simplicity of Russian country life; the account of the characteristic village communities leaves nothing to be desired; the stages of the movement that led up to the great Serf Emancipation of 1861 with its unforeseen consequences are once again outlined with the addition of fresh and important historical material that has recently come into the author's hands.

Interest, however, will mainly centre, for those who know the book, in the new chapters, three of which deal with the revolutionary movement, one with the industrial evolution of the country, while the closing pages concern themselves with the present situation. The story of the Revolutionary Movement as given or rather suggested in, *e.g.*, Professor Thun's "Geschichte der Revolutionären Bewegungen in Russland," is genuine romance—a recital of facts much more fascinating than any average work of fiction. The two great movements, in the enthusiasm of which hundreds of more or less educated young men and women went out from their homes and lived amongst the peasants in the endeavour to imbue them with socialistic ideas and awaken in them the consciousness of their own power, furnish annals of endurance and suffering that are not easily matched. Both movements failed, not for lack of zeal, but rather because of ignorance on either side, ignorance on the part of the missionaries concerning those amongst whom they tried to work, ignorance on the part of the peasants concerning the very elements of the doctrines in which their teachers sought to instruct them. A deep hereditary instinct that the Emperor was the peasants' Father and God more than counteracted the revolutionary incitement to overturn the existing state of affairs. In Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's pages the story is somewhat dispassionately told: we understand the relation of the older Nihilist to the modern Social Democrat; we follow the shifting phases of the revolutionary agitation, but it is impossible not to feel that towards the end the sense of proportion is somewhat lost, when, *e.g.*, a page is devoted to the *ipsissima verba* of Father Gapon.

* "Russia." By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O. New and enlarged Edition: revised, reset, and in great part rewritten. Two vols., with maps. 24s. net. (Cassell and Company.)

"Russia Under the Great Shadow." By Luigi Villari. With 84 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"The captain took him to palm-studded islands in the Southern Seas."

(Reproduced from "Dialstone Lane," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

"The Constable watched him with the air of a proprietor."

(Reproduced from "Odd Craft," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

"Pausing occasionally to answer anxious enquiries."

(Reproduced from "At Sunwich Port," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

"Wot?" screams Ginger. "Tattoo me!"

—A Marked Man.

(Reproduced from "Light Freights," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

"He was running along to Bob Pretty's as fast as 'is legs would take him."

(Reproduced from "Odd Craft," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

From Drawings by Will Owen.

The chapter on industrial progress contains an interesting comparison of two strong men, Plehve and Witte, one of whom alone remains; while the pages on territorial expansion rightly emphasise the absolute naturalness on physico-geographical grounds of Russian growth towards the Far East. On the other hand, studiously little is said with regard to the immediate outlook in that quarter of the globe—the one region in the Russian sphere of influence where events have moved rapidly since 1877. Yet certain considerations in connection with the present rates of increase of population amongst the leading nations of the earth enable us to foresee a time, not so very remote, when the struggle for existence, be it conducted by brain or muscle, shall remain to be fought out between the Anglo-Saxon, the Slav, and the Chinaman. Still other considerations, historical and ethnographical, indicate that the line of cleavage is between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav, while a perusal of these volumes unconsciously betrays many affinities between the Slav and Chinaman. With the latter we include the Japanese, who in the intercourse necessarily resulting from their occupation of Korea and their activity in the East generally, are quickly coming to feel their fundamental unity with Russian and Chinese nature alike. Compared with this ultimate alliance baced on natural affinity, momentary questions of open ports in Manchuria, or even of war between Russia and Japan, are utterly insignificant. There is a point beyond which Japan is powerless: in the long run the present campaign can only result in mutual respect. To-day we find ourselves allied with the Japanese, but if blood and every natural affinity count for anything, we may be assured of an Eastern Triple Alliance which, by the beginning of another century, will warn the Anglo-Saxon off Asia. And in that day it may stand us in good stead that during these past months we helped an important element in that ultimate federation into self-realisation and world-recognition.

Concerning India, the author is almost certainly right in stating that "the idea of a conquest of India has never been seriously entertained in the Russian official world." The Russians are perfectly aware that even with our highly developed Civil Service the successful administration of India is no easy task: with their corrupt services they could make nothing of it. It is sufficient for their purpose that they be in a position to apply military pressure on the frontier as a temporary inconvenience or embarrassment; beyond this, hitherto, the less thorny Manchurian plains and Persian highlands have appealed more directly to them.

The final chapter is confessedly disappointing, although it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. The author abjures the role of prophet, and contents himself with emphasising the incompatibility of any form of representative government with Absolutism. He points out that there are only two methods of dealing with the present situation—energetic repression or graceful concession to popular feeling. Hitherto the Government has adopted neither mode of action with any degree of conviction: a strong man honestly employing both methods might save the situation before it is too late—but will he arise? History has ever answered in the affirmative:

> "The darkness grew,
> Therefore I knew
> There would be born a star."

In lighter vein does Mr. Villari discourse of Russia "under the great shadow." Strictly regarded, the title is somewhat of a misnomer, for only in two out of fourteen chapters is there any studied reference to the temporary eclipse of the great but very variable Western Constellation under the action of the Eastern Rising Sun; yet in the fact of these accurate and sympathetic descriptions of Russian life in town and country differing so little from the pictures that have been given by earlier writers, lies perhaps the main purport of the book—the evidence of a country profoundly indifferent to a struggle that may ultimately induce its own birth-throes into a higher life. For up to the date of the issue of his book the writer can only point to a 25 or 30 per cent. reduction of trade, to a certain general stagnation of business and hesitancy to enter into new commitments as possibly due directly to the Manchurian disasters—conditions, however, not so rare or deleterious in Russia as in other countries—and he is most probably right when he refers to the opinion of those who regard the war not so much as immediately productive of the present economic crisis but as serving "to disclose an already existing insecurity by bringing matters to a head." In this connection, the pages dealing with the industrial crisis of 1897-1902, the economic conditions of the great but less well-known manufacturing centres as, *e.g.*, Lodz and Ekaterinoslav, and the land question, are full of present-day interest. In emphasising the Russian lack of initiative and failure in organisation, Mr. Villari lays his fingers on two great causes of Slavonian defeat at once in commerce and in military enterprise. Manchuria is rightly regarded as the grave of the bureaucracy, and now that the spirit of revolution is abroad in the land in stronger measure than ever before, we may look for the gradual passing of the present order. The "yellow dwarfs" have done for Russia what her most devoted sons, peasant or prince, failed to accomplish, for it is not by bomb or ukaz that a nation finds itself, but by an inward sense of a purpose to be accomplished, purified in the furnace of affliction.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

ESSAYS OF TRAVEL.*

All good Stevensonians, except the fortunate few who possess the Edinburgh edition, are under a great debt to the publishers of this delightful volume; and this debt would have been even greater than it is had the book been prefaced by a few words of explanation. It is true few right-minded men would dare, and fewer still could be trusted, to write a preface to anything by R. L. S.; but there are men, notably Mr. Colvin and Mr. Andrew Lang, who might have carried out the task with discretion. It is a sound rule that Stevenson needs no preface except his own, but this is a special case, in whch an exception to the rule is almost imperative. For this collection includes essays, some admittedly fragmentary, others mere sketches, written at different stages of Stevenson's career and without any connecting link except that all are impressions of travel. Some of the essays we can date from internal evidence, in other cases we have only the more doubtful evidence of style. In a miscellaneous collection such as this, the essays are necessarily of unequal merit, but all are precious, if not for their intrinsic merits, at least for the light they throw on the evolution of Stevenson's method. It is just these little sketches which in themselves are least valuable which would have gained so much in interest from a few words of judicious explanation. When this volume comes to be reprinted, as no doubt it will, it is to be hoped that the publishers wll see fit to rectify this omission.

The first and longest of these essays is "The Amateur Immigrant," the companion picture to "Across the Plains," with which, but for the exigencies of publishing, it should properly have been printed. Written, or at any rate planned, amid circumstances of acute physical discomfort and at a time when Stevenson's vitality was at a low ebb, it shows how keen and vivid were his impressions even in moments of greatest weakness. It says much for Stevenson's indomitable courage that at such a time he was able to write at all, much less to produce one of the most effective travel studies which he ever penned. Very charming too are the sketches of Fontainebleau, so rich in atmosphere and redolent of the careless, vagabond joyousness of the true wanderer. Stevenson was never more at home than in old France. He seemed to expand and breathe a freer air in the genial company of these jolly, spendthrift, devil-may-care artists. Some of the shorter pieces, notably the Davos sketches, are less successful. Stevenson was acutely sensitive to that feeling of confinement which comes to the healthiest, let alone to the invalid, after too long a stay in a Swiss mountain village. This feeling reflects itself in the style. The words are as carefully chosen as ever, too carefully chosen in fact. We miss the ease and lightness of R. L. S. at his best. He wrote with difficulty, almost under compulsion; and the word-pictures which would be good enough in a lesser man lack the real magic. Stevenson is chafing to be out again on the open road. But this is, after all, hyper-criticism, and we can only end as we began, by expressing our gratitude to the publishers for giving us this precious book.

* "Essays of Travel." By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

MAID MARGARET.*

Mr. Crockett has written much—very much—since his name and fame were established by "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders," but it is problematical that since he first appeared as a star of some magnitude on the literary horizon he has written anything more important than this his latest historical romance. As an author he is unequal: his leading defect seems to be an inability to distinguish when his own output is good and when it is not. He writes, it would seem, with vast exuberance; he has the enthusiasm of the born story-teller, and in the telling of a tale considers primarily what he is to say, not how he is to say it. His tales are spun "straight from the reel." That his cheerful boisterousness leads him into occasional lapses, cannot be gainsaid. Now and again the vigour becomes *too* vigorous, and what should appear as strength looks like violence. There are but few half-shades.

In "Maid Margaret of Galloway" he has found a subject that is well suited to him; and he has developed his tale of love and fighting with much skill and ingenuity. The effects are of strong lights and heavy shadows; his pictures remind one of the works of the painter Muller, Constable's disciple. The bluff, emphatic Gallovidian nature emerges from the pages, and one feels that sometimes a quieter, less harsh, note would be welcome.

The Maid of Galloway is first seen at a convent in France, and there are simultaneously introduced the three men who were her lovers, and who successively became her husband—William, eighth Earl of Douglas, his brother James, and Abbot Laurence M'Kim, son of a smith. Margaret, it is to be feared, does not impress by her constancy or by any absence of vanity. She glories in attention from men, and while she is prepared to marry William, she is equally prepared to flirt with James and the Abbot. Of Duke James a convincing and unattractive vignette is given. The sketch is characteristically Crockettian: "A big, lordly, overlording man that loved his bellyful of lustihood—to eat when he was hungry, drink when thirst nipped him, carry off on his saddle-bow the woman who pleased him, to swagger before all men as Saul among the people, haler, heartier, stronger, taller by a head than any there—these made life for James Douglas." William, the shrewd, calculating man of schemes and plans that were to make him King of Scotland in place of James the Second, is also well drawn; and so is the childlike, but by no means childish, Abbot, whose heart is not in monastical affairs, but in the shock and turmoil of battles. Some of the descriptions of the French scenery in which the romantic maid found herself in these early days are charmingly limned. This, for example: "From the great terrace, lo! all fertile Touraine, the Garden of France—which is to say, of the world. Yonder was the green of the river banks, shining emerant through a lawny drift of peach blossom, the clearer hue of almond, the white wax of cherry and apple—on and on till the distance turned into a land of dream, or some Avalon lost among the clouds of sunset." This passage, too, has much attractiveness: "August in Galloway, May in Touraine. These are to me the height of earthly beauty, and whatever bliss can proceed from flowers and woods, from sun-speckled riverine paths and breadths of heather lands, across which great whale-backed cloud-shadows drift, lumberingly yet silently, as if they too were labouring wains drawn by the white celestial oxen." Such passages may be taken as noteworthy assets against the Gallovidian "ruggedness"—to call it nothing less polite—that figures here and there.

From France the scene is changed to Galloway, of which we have many strong impressions, and where the love tale and the tale of intrigue and bloodshed are developed with the skill of an old literary hand. Not for a moment does the story sag or flag; the art of Mr. Crockett carries the reader with ease and interest from page to page, and although the book is a long one, it is without the slightest difficulty that one goes to the end, not skipping a single page or paragraph. The thing is closely knit. A conclusion one comes to after reading "Maid Margaret of Galloway" is that Mr. Crockett may succeed to some extent in doing for Galloway what Scott did for Midlothian and other parts of Scotland. Before Scott wrote his novels, Scotland was quite outside the range of the tourist; it was not "the fashion" to visit Scotland; so no one did visit it. Tourists to-day are part of Scotland's life-blood; but they do not visit Galloway. The writings of Mr. Crockett may be the means of changing this and directing Englishmen to what is one of the most romantic and picturesque areas in all Scotland.

It may seen unkind to conclude with a complaint, but Mr. Crockett ought to know that this kind of preface, in an "Advertisement," is out of date and tiresome: "These papers were found among the archives of ——, etc., etc." The Romantic Impressionist School has too great a weakness for it.

The book is embellished by distinguished full-page wash-drawings by Mr. Seymour Lucas—who ought not, however, to have drawn on the lineaments of Mr. George Bernard Shaw for a portrait of the smith M'Kim.

David Hodge.

* "Maid Margaret of Galloway." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"CANADA'S 'NEVER, NEVER, NEVER LAND.'"*

It comes with almost a shock to the ordinary man to discover that there are in Canada vast tracts of unknown territory, regions mapped only by hearsay, whose mountains are unnamed and whose plains are trodden only by the moose. How many people could say offhand, except in the vaguest way, where Labrador is? To most people it is a mere name, a splodge on the map, and nothing more. In point of fact, it was, and for the most part still is, an unknown land. The intrepid Hudson's Bay trappers have never penetrated beyond the outermost fringe, and the expedition, which Mr. Wallace describes in what is one of the most impressive travel books ever published, was the first real attempt to unveil the mysteries of th's frost-bound wilderness.

There are times when a bald statement of fact appeals to the imagination more forcibly than the most finished literary art. The lifeboat coxswain who said "the Caister men never turn back" thrilled Englishmen by a simple statement of what was to him a very ordinary fact. In the same way Mr. Wallace stirs the blood by his artless narrative of the heroic struggle of two young Americans in the face of overwhelming difficulties. In a sense the expedition was a failure. The explorers never reached their goal. Mr. Wallace was saved only by a miracle, and Mr. Hubbard, the leader of the expedition, died on the return journey. From the utilitarian point of view such expeditions seem merely useless—a waste of valuable lives. But so long as man retains sufficient of the original savage to appreciate indomitable pluck, there will be few whose imagination will not be quickened, whose pulse will not respond to the story of the first ascent of the Matterhorn or the first attempt to pierce the wilds of Labrador. The expedition was foolhardy and rash, and it is easy, after the event, to point to obvious precuations which were neglected. But while we cannot agree with Mr. Wallace in his chivalrous attempt to shield his dead friend from the charge of foolhardiness, we cannot but admire the superb and reckless daring of these pioneers. Mr. Hubbard was constantly quoting Kipling's noble poem, "The Explorer." It was his inspiration while he lived; it is his justification now that he is dead. He was the very embodiment of the spirit of the poem. He indeed heard the call—

> "Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
> Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

The call was answered, as it has been answered before and will be answered again; but never was it answered with more self-sacrifice or more unquestioning devotion.

It is impossble here to summarise the story of the journey, or to do more than indicate the difficulties which beset the two pioneers and the half-breed Cree Indian who was their guide, and of whom it is enough to say that he proved himself more than worthy of his companions. The main difficulty was to obtain food. Game is scarce in Labrador, and the explorers were unfortunate in chancing upon an exceptionally lean year. Had it been otherwise—but the odds against them were so tremendous that it is idle to speculate on what might have been. It is enough to say that Hubbard died of starvation, and that Mr. Wallace was only saved by his superior physique.

* "The Lure of the Labrador Wild." By Dillon Wallace. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Wallace's narrative is plain and unpretentious to a degree. There is no boastfulness, no literary artifice, or sensationalism. It is a plain record of fact, without glamour or romance. Yet the account of the last days of the return is moving in its directness, and the whole story is perfect in its transparent sincerity and modesty. No art could have been more finished than this unassuming simplicity. For sheer power there has been nothing of late years in the literature of travel to touch the last few chapters of the book.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that Mr. Wallace pays a high tribute to the magnificent work carried on among the Newfoundland fishermen by Dr. Grenfell, who has at last permitted Mr. Norman Duncan to give some account of his labours. Mr. Duncan's qualifications call for no comment, and his book cannot fail to be of momentous interest.

L. G. BROCK.

SAINTS AND SHRINES.*

There are several ways of writing lives of the Saints, and two of them are good ways. One is the way of the *Legenda Aurea*, where edification is the one thing in view; there is no room for criticism, and no thought of it; the stories are repeated as they have been heard, with all the flowers of beautiful thought which the Christian ages have gathered. The roses of St. Dorothy or of St. Elizabeth have as much right here as the sword of St. Cyprian; the angels that bear the body of St. Catharine to the convent of Mount Sinai are as real as the *fossores* who gathered up the remains of St. Xystus. The other is the way of Tillemont and of the Bollandists at their best, the way of dry research and of unflinching criticism. A less excellent way is that of Gibbon; and if he could turn criticism to a sneer, others can turn hagiography to dulness. Dr. Mason professes to write about the Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church, and may resent a judgment which classifies him with the uncritical; but what can we make of a book which does not help the reader to estimate the value of narratives or the authenticity of sources? The author's personal discernment is the only criterion offered; he tells the stories which seem to him well founded. The writers of the "Martiloge" did as much; and if Dr. Mason's judgment is better than theirs, or his verification more complete, it does not follow that everyone will accept his decisions. He severely explains that he passes by the Acts of Afra because he cannot bring himself to consider them historical, but he tells with halting courage stories about St. Agnes and St. Sebastian which have as poor a foundation. There is a dreary sameness about his narratives. Those who remember the infectious enthusiasm with which Bright would lecture, and that to undergraduates, about the martyrs of Lyons—the heroism of the slave-girl Blandina, the dignity alike of the sufferers and the survivors—will miss something in this new telling of the story; and it may be that which is most worth keeping. It is well to be reminded now and then of the reality of those horrible tortures which the Christians of the second and third centuries endured. It is difficult to remember that things of the kind accompanied the magnificent civilising work of the Roman Empire; it is difficult to believe that such things were ever done and suffered; and the difficulty is not much relieved by the reflection that similar atrocities are of ordinary occurrence in China to-day, and that the murderer of William the Silent was done to death piecemeal in a fashion that no Roman executioner could surpass. But a reminder is enough. The stories in detail are like a hideous dream. It may be doubted whether a good sized volume packed with them is even edifying. Two or three cases are sufficient to show what sort of things were done. For the rest, the names of the sufferers suffice. More interesting, where the report can be trusted, are the questions and answers that passed between the accused and the judges. The judges do not always make a bad impression; the keenest persecutors were not always the worst of men. Dr. Mason is severe, however, with Marcus Aurelius, in whose eyes the endurance of the Christians was a most annoying travesty of the Stoics' philosophic suicide. The elder hero of Gibbon has had some rough handling lately from Mr. Dill, and there seems to be a danger of his relegation to the part of philosophaster.

To pass from the third century to the thirteenth is to pass from saints to relics. A new volume of Messrs. Methuen's series of "Antiquary's Books" suggests the transition, though its only personal link with Dr. Mason is the doubtful story of St. Alban. For Mr. Wall there are no critical anxieties. For him all is historical, the saint himself, the discovery of his bones, the "semi-Christian Danish invaders" who carried them away, the monk who recovered them by a pious robbery, and all the rest of it. St. Ursula also lives, not only in the pigments of Hans Memling, but in sober reality. This is excellent, for Mr. Wall is describing the shrines and reliquaries of saints more or less closely connected with England, and that is dull work if it is merely artistic. The material is varied with a refreshing mediævalism. When the wicked Bishop Nigel of Ely pays his fine to the King in silver torn from the shrine of St. Etheldreda, the monks who abet him are "afflicted with various ailments in consequence—one of them with a severe attack of gout." His enthusiasm has moved Mr. Wall to a thorough study of his subject, and his book with its eighty illustrations must be tolerably complete. It stands in picturesque contrast with Dr. Mason's laboured pages, but the reader of the latter may note with interest how many examples they contain of that reverence for the remains of the martyrs which developed inevitably into the *cultus* of which the mediæval shrines were the instruments.

T. A. LACEY.

* "The Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church." By Arthur James Mason, D.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
"Shrines of British Saints." By J. Charles Wall. The Antiquary's Books. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

THROUGH LOVE AND ALTRUISM.*

Through the pages of this strong and brilliant novel we follow the inevitable tragedy of industrial power, dominating the times and the people, to find the resemblance strong between the new world and the old, with the difference of race and certain conditions alone to distinguish.

We must thank the author of "Amanda" for her heroine, and for the art which chains us first before it wrings our hearts. Amanda, daughter of the woods, first swims into our sight like a naiad in the tiny mountain-lake hidden by the native ferns of the South Carolina forest. We see her as nature intended her, a nymph-like creature, frail and delicate in her extreme youth, caressed by the sun and breeze. Under the "mid-day sun of late April" she was as though molten in its rays, "a golden image."

Henry Euston approaches the forest bathing-place from which the hill girl had fled. He is a vagabond, seeking self-destruction, unable to rescue himself from abject dissipation. But tramp and habitual drunkard though he is, he still retains in his inmost nature all the pride, all the initiative vigour, all the generosity even, of this type of déclassé. Euston marvellously personifies the spirit of revolt against the hazard of social inequality. His past contains all the psychological causes capable of developing in man the criticism of an organisation too parsimonious of benefits toward thousands of miserable ones, and too prodigal toward certain masters of capital. Chance and malevolence seem in Euston's eyes to dominate the world; the felony of an egoist, the betrayal of a trusting woman, have given him an illegitimate birth, condemned him to disgrace and exclusion; thus he has been thrown out upon a world whose inequalities determine the rancour and wrath of a humiliated, cruelly righteous pride. He is an exile from the environs where life is smooth and goodness possible. The contrast between his misfortunes and those of the conventionalities of the time are apparent and sharply defined in the consummate art of the writer. It is logical that this refractory, when he falls in with his brothers and sisters in toil and distress, breaks bread with them in the horrible mill boarding-house, should become the concentrated thinker for them all, their gesture, as it were, the epitome of this harassed multitude.

With the exquisite sensibility of the artist and keen student of life, Marie Van Vorst has understood that love is the one remedy for the evils which she exposes in her novel. The poor, the oppressed, must learn to love and unite, and the best education for altrustic tendencies will be found in natural sentiments; above all in the emotion at once complex

* "Amanda of the Mill." By Marie Van Vorst. 6s. (Heinemann.)

and delicate which unites the man and the woman. If poor, vapid Lily Bud was not the perfect wife; if in the mills of Lexington she makes her husband's drunkenness the excuse for her own misconduct; if, degraded to the habits the mills impose, she degenerates into a dreary creature, habitually drunken, destroyed by labour and bad living, Amanda, on the other hand—delicate, charming Amanda—lavishes all her grace, tenderness and compassion upon her brother-in-law, whom she unconsciously loves.

The rivalry and jealousy of the sisters is well indicated, and perhaps most will award the palm of merit to the scene between the sisters in the mill, where Amanda injures Lily Bud. This chapter is to our taste a manifestation of a lierature superior to any we have yet been called upon to admire from the States. We must again admire the power which evokes in incomparable manner the life of the mill, which puts before us the machines and their victims. We see the toilworn features decimated by consumption, consumed by fever, destroyed by drink and vice. One will never forget little Mel, the child with the amputated arm, the baby who continues nevertheless its existence in the mills, deprived of the most useful member of its slave-body. Here, in short, before us we have depicted Industry at once horrible and beneficent, the masterpiece of modern civilisation, a monster enigmatical, of which one scarcely knows whether to say that it is good or bad, whether in augmenting the luxury and ease of life it is a benefactor in measure as it is a destroyer, a sacrifice on the altar of supply and demand of the lives and souls of the people—in its destruction of so many poor chances for happiness, its extermination of so many households! Amanda yields to the claim put upon her by the man she has loved all her life.

The writer knows the world of which she writes. Already the public has stood admiring before the courage with which this young woman left her home and her habitudes of life to follow the existence of the woman who toils, to adopt the livery of their slavery, to share the assiduous labour which permits our luxury to exist and our minds to know leisure. She has been once again a mouthpiece for the people, as she was herself a heroine, before displaying to us an art which ranks with the best in the literature of this new century.

PAUL ADAM.

SPAIN—AND MANY OTHER THINGS.*

Three years ago Mr. Rowland Thirlmere, who from the evidence of his pages appears to be a Lancashire business man endowed with much enthusiasm for literature and art, went to Spain. He had been there ten years previously, and like many others before him, had fallen in love with the most charming people in Europe. His knowledge of the country and its language was, and is, very small, notwithstanding his having written a book about it; but his second little tour, covered by the excellent and economical "semi-circular" ticket issued by the North of Spain Railway, enabled him to revive his former impressions, and suggested the present work, consisting of two bulky and extremely handsome volumes. The epistolary form in which the book is written is unconvincing after the first few letters; for, anxious as a traveller may have been to convey to his friend at home the exact effect produced by the sights and sounds of a foreign country, the tremendous digressions, interminable conversations with chance companions, and crude philosophy with which Mr. Thirlmere's pages are padded, could never have been written in the scant intervals of travel between the 22nd March, which is the date of the first letter, and the 11th May, when the last purports to be written. There are considerably over seven hundred pages of print, and the author himself not unnaturally has his misgivings as to the disproportion between the importance of the events he relates and the space occupied by the relation of them. "My soul browsed and fattened on new impressions," he writes, "some faint reflections of which are, unhappily, all I can give you. Yet how voluminous are the letters in which I make an attempt to convey to you some tithe of the charm of Spain. I am dismayed at their number and prolixity." And yet any judicious and experienced literary friend with a blue pencil and a free hand would not only have saved the author from the pitfall into which his exuberance has led him, but would, by cruel kindness, have made his book a really charming one. For when Mr. Thirlmere, with his real love and artistic appreciation of the sunny beautiful land and its kindly people, describes what he saw, he is excellent, and his word-pictures of atmosphere and colour upon landscape not infrequently are really eloquent, as in the description of his excursion from Barcelona to La Garriga. But, with a perversity which irritates beyond measure a person of fine literary taste, he deliberately mars his best passages by dragging in gratuitously ridiculous similes, or far-fetched conceits, which show that, after all, he is dragging the lengthening chain of London and Lancashire behind him wherever he goes. What makes the matter worse is that many of Mr. Thirlmere's incongruous allusions are quite unintelligible to the uninitiated reader. What, for instance, can be made of this, in referring to the exercise of some Spanish troops and expressing a wish that English officers might be similarly employed: "But I suppose I may wait for this entertainment until the subalterns in the Durham Light Infantry begin to say Sir to their senior captain"? The references to "No. 1" as a drink would be unintelligible except to the comparatively few persons who happen to know that it is a peculiar "cup," much appreciated by festive stockbrokers in a certain Cheapside restaurant. The constant intrusion of the author's political views, his references to Mr. Rhodes and other English public men on every few pages, his bewildering polyglot literary allusiveness, and his affectation of superfineness, are the grave blemishes that positively leap to the eyes of the reader. The author sees some Englishmen in a Barcelona hotel, and this is how he records the event: "Yearning to hear my own language again, I tried to bring myself to the point of speaking to some Englishmen at lunch to-day, but I could not do it. They were so obviously Philistine, not to say barbarous. It is difficult to be affable to such people. 'Apherbility,' wrote the school-boy, 'is the state of being apherbile.' I am not apherbile." This is positively offensive in its superiority, and is one of many similar instances of egotism to be found in the book. The author, indeed, is so penetrated by his own personality that he bespeaks toleration for his constant references to himself. "If my own tastes and feelings often obtrude themselves too greatly, I deplore their inevitability. I cannot change myself no more than a bird can fly backward." The book, indeed, is one in which a charming set of impressionist descriptions of Spanish travel is utilised as a peg upon which to hang digressions upon entomology, art, gastronomy, philosophy, astronomy, London Society, and its personages, "sunsets, rustic wit, Germany, politics, and so forth—but I have by no means exhausted all that could be said thereon. Remember that upon only twelve bells more than four hundred and seventy million changes can be sounded." So, after all, the reader has much to be thankful for. Mr. Thirlmere continues characteristically thus: "Parmenides thought there were only two sorts of philosophy, one based on reason, the other on opinion. For the moment it suits my purpose to agree with Parmenides. Both kinds of philosophy will be found in these letters in which I have striven to keep my proper place in the scheme of things. The Ptolemaic attitude of mind lately affected by Dr. Russell Wallace, by which he sees the great spheres revolving round this little microcosm of a world, and the sun specially requisitioned to supply heat to the poor human blood, appears almost ludicrous in Spain. There, in that vast country of vanished greatness and splendid possibilities, smiling fairer than ever after the growth and death of many dynasties, the traveller becomes a true Copernican. On the great plains under the brilliant stars he indeed knows himself to be but a little feather floating in the immense hall of the verities, a molecule on a tiny sphere spinning round gigantic orbs. Some knowledge of natural history is required to distinguish the difference between the egg of a green plover and that of a certain gull whose embryo offspring often cheat the *bon viveur*. A similar delicacy of perception will be required of those who would clearly read what is written between the lines of my letters." This is a good specimen of Mr. Thirlmere's far-fetched allusiveness and his superfine egotism; and he carries the same qualities even into his apology. He imagines the patient reader protesting against being expected to unravel hidden mysteries in his prose, and replies that whilst a man who takes fearful risks in battle, or one who

* "Letters from Catalonia." By Rowland Thirlmere. 2 vols. Illustrated. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

experiments on patent medicines, is deserving of the Victoria Cross, "the person who prayerfully peruses 140,000 words of cold print dealing with a land that to most men is not much more than a reminiscence of schoolroom geography, performs one of the highest acts of courage. Such a rare individual would deserve at least the Order of Merit"; but, continues the author, he would have his reward in gaining "some faint notion of the strength and weakness of Spain by way of reward." The present reviewer is one of those valiant creatures, for he has patiently plodded through Mr. Thirlmere's book from the first page to the last, and is convinced that his notion of Spain would have been clearer and stronger if the book had been a third of its present length, and the author had been able sometimes to forget himself and the abundance of his knowledge. The book is extremely ineffectively illustrated by a large number of very eminent artists. MARTIN HUME.

FROM KENTUCKY AND CANADA.*

If stories like these were much worse written, and of no value as romantic fiction, they would still repay the hours given to them. For they make us familiar with new worlds. The island-reader finds himself carried away by "Crittenden" to places he will never visit, and among people he knows from faint hearsay—to Chickamauga, Tampa, and the Cuban Santiago. Mr. Bashford seizes and whirls him into a yet less trodden land, the great Canadian corn-steppes, which are going to be rich and famous when Europe is an old museum of curiosities. It is cheap and pleasant travelling. What better can we do than take our ticket, sit in the observation car, and go ahead?

It appears that Mr. Fox made a wonderful hit with his "Little Shepherd," as yet unknown to me. But I can fancy how it happened as I follow him in "Crittenden." He is the shrewdest of Americans, has an eye to success, and understands what will make it sure. On that sensitive instrument, the United States people, he plays as if it were an accordion. Or shall we say an organ, with its swelling stops? There is a range, not English, not German, of notes resonant to certain fingerings, and he touches them in quick succession or strikes on them loud chords of patriotism, war, reconciliation of North and South. "My country, 'tis of thee,"—*toute la lyre*. He has a style, moreover; the careful, not exactly classic, or not at all, but which refined Americans prize, select in grave moments, at others reminiscent of the pioneer, the rancher, the negro, and the journalist. It is delicate and thoughtful when required, strong or even startling and crude at the centre of the book, where we get the battle-piece photographed on which everything else turns. But it never quits the American latitude. The author, who deals in wounds, blood, and horrors like an army-surgeon, himself unmoved, is curiously civil to his countrymen, no prophet of misfortunes, and a little—yes, it must be hinted—if not blind, yet dim-sighted, before certain deep stains on that commissariat of the Cuban War. "Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!" is the refrain to which he sets his music. How should he not be popular?

Those who, like myself, had dear friends at Tampa and Santiago, will be living it all over again in this well-ordered, dusty and smoke-blown picture, which for us in the two brothers Clay and Basil holds out figures we have set our hearts upon. They might be wretchedly drawn, and we should know them still. But Clay, the "Crittenden" of the book, stands forward distinctly. Basil is the heroic youth too simply made for introspection; he loves and fights, is wounded and recovers, and finds his lady waiting, all in the good old fashion. His brother has deeps to be fathomed; talks to himself; goes wrong from a sort of fastidious temper which, if it cannot reach the best, will tumble desperately into crevasses looking for death and not finding it. But to be popular in the States one must avoid gruesome endings; Clay will come marching home fit for the better life. Is there no word to describe the three ladies, Crittenden's mother, Judith, and Phyllis, who each have their little tragedy to go through? Not really much, we feel. Mrs. Crittenden, the Southern widow, is too silent; Judith—it is not easy to analyse the want in her that leaves shadow resting on so many other American girls in fiction, as if they were pastel, not solid painting, but so she affects us. And Phyllis might be any child half-grown to love in a Kentucky neighbourhood. The strength and sternness of the book, undoubtedly real, are flung into the thundercloud at Santiago. Too frightful, perhaps, for art. In any case, direct, open-eyed, true, as well as shocking. And so all the keys are struck; for Americans die recklessly, and beneath a coolness that seems granite, there is the volcano with its fires. "Crittenden" may be dated, fixed to a year and a mood, is nothing if not local, and belongs to the fiction which, never greatly daring against conventions, is national rhetoric. Within these bounds it is clean work, wrought with kindness and skill.

"The Manitoban," to my thinking, has greater merit. I find it in parts as moving as life, always firm, decided in its balance, and healthy. It is the writing of a man who believes in goodness, heart and soul. The humour is admirable, especially when we catch it pervading the story itself and running through its main incidents like their secret moral; for to this it comes at last. We ought scarcely to name Voltaire in so wholesome a climate; but he, too, was fond of handling the subject, which is the new world's disdain for the old. He chose as his "savage" the Huron, amazed and disenchanted when Paris had made him a present of its corrupt civilisation. The Hurons are now pretty well extinct. But the Canadians of the North-West inherit, or have taken over, not a little of that in which they found pride, the sense of life and loneliness and nature, bred by sun and snow, blizzard and blinding rain, by the infinite prairie, and the wild things around. Roddy Laville, son of a broken-down emigrant, is the central character, as boy and man genuine to the core, whom we shall think about long after we have turned to other books. His fun, his good nature, his straight hitting, his amused and serious ways, his hunger for true things that leads him on to religion but will not suffer him to fall into cant, and the love that reveals his Kingdom to the Manitoban youth, are so much gain for us who want him to do no less than the highest. He is very natural; and he achieves the pass, commonly destructive of interest in books, from boyhood to man's estate, without leaving us behind. There is not a word too much about Roddy. When he gives up England, the old home to which Trevelyan has brought him, and the shut-in, silken life—country-house, social schemes, London, all that makes a society novel charming to the million—he does it simply, and there is no parade, no preaching, where Rousseau would have poured out floods of eloquence. Roddy faces towards the West again like a lover; he cannot breathe in our exhausted air. Hawthorne was once bent on handling this epic theme, for such it is; but "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret" remains a fragment; and, what is more, the American that should begin a new life is now getting devoured by his octopus, the multi-millionaire. This tragedy, the most fearful, hideous, and sordid, of our time, would close Hawthorne's lips, were he still among us. Manitoba is not yet imprisoned by the devil-fish in its murderous toils; though we may well ask, how long? Roddy will have his battle to fight. He may win where the Yankee has been defeated thus far. But is it not an epic theme?

Other characters come out boldly. The heroine, Hope, is Roddy's cousin, a brave creature used to the world's rough ways, not to be spoiled or smirched, though she has no one to take her part. Then there is Charlie West, the spick and span English lad, so good at games, so helpless in the game of life, an emigrant with delusions, saved at last by the skin of his teeth. He is the stupid, innocently-conceited, untrained and soft-shelled animal whom this country turns out by the thousand—excellent stuff, about as badly moulded as it can be in a day of relentless competition. And we might ask why the unlucky boy must go alone, when the Greeks twenty-five centuries back sent out organised colonies to Sicilian shores and to Southern Italy. But alone he does go; fails, drinks, lives on remittances from home, and tries once and again to end it all with a bullet in his addled brain.

The story that compels us to meditate on these things was worth telling. It is told with a spirit, a simplicity, a picturesque force, and a kindling ardour. There is also this

* "Crittenden." By John Fox, author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." 6s. (Constable and Co.)
"The Manitoban." By Henry H. Bashford. 6s. (John Lane.)

note to be made upon it. Like the greatest English books it is a soliloquy, or a piece of thinking aloud, which the man addresses to himself, not to boxes, pit, or gallery. I will throw out the suggestion, which others may follow up, that American writing is more and more directed to the crowd. Not so this Canadian monologue. How far it is a volume of permanent value time alone will disclose. But sure I am that no one can go through it without pleasure in the reading and profit in the remembrance.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.*

Professor Ramsay conceives his Commentary on the Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia to be an essay towards the understanding of the synthesis of European and Asiatic nature and ideas. His readers will perceive in it an extremely learned and skilful picture of the background and atmosphere of these Letters. We welcome most heartily Professor Ramsay's incursion into New Testament studies, because he has given us a new style of commentary. It is astonishing how rapidly the grammatical commentary is becoming obsolete. There will probably be a reaction, and people will recognise that a book is not likely to be understood unless its vocabulary and syntax are thoroughly appreciated. But meanwhile something more and different is felt to be needful, and that is, a knowledge of the surroundings of the New Testament literature. This need is being adequately supplied. While some scholars are furnishing us with accurate apprehensions of the modes of thought and the leading ideas of the Jewish writers of the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era; and while others are ransacking the Egyptian papyri for the purpose of ascertaining with accuracy the actual force and usage of common Greek words during these centuries, Professor Ramsay has done splendid service in applying his unique knowledge of the history and geography and social condition of Asia Minor to the illustration of the various books of the New Testament. His commentaries on *Galatians* and *Corinthians*, as well as his *St. Paul the Traveller*, reveal how much we lose by not possessing vivid conceptions of the actual human life of those remote times. But in none of those previous writings has Professor Ramsay so successfully used this method as in the fine volume now issued. It is an instance of an author's happy discovery of a subject that elicits his best, and on which he can utilise the stores accumulated by past research. Professor Ramsay's brilliant presentation of the condition and characteristics of the cities and churches of Asia will appeal to many who would never dream of consulting an ordinary commentary. And every reader will gladly admit the principle on which he proceeds: "The more closely we study the New Testament books and compare them with the natural conditions, the localities, and the too scanty evidence from other sources about the life and society of the first century, the more full of meaning do we find them, the more strongly are we impressed with their unique character, and the more wonderful becomes the picture that is unveiled to us in them of the growth of the Christian Church." No doubt there always accompanies the use of this method a strong temptation to admit into the interpretation of a book too much local colour, too frequent and direct allusion to the physical characteristics of the region in question. We are not prepared to find Professor Ramsay guilty of yielding to this temptation, but we strongly suspect him of doing so. But error in this direction can easily be discounted, and when discounted there remains a quite remarkable addition to our knowledge of an interesting part of Scripture. It should be said that the author approaches his subject with deliberation, clearing the ground by discussing ancient methods of communication, the letters and letter-carriers of the Republic and the Empire, the accepted conventional symbolism that grew up among the Christians, and especially the education of St. John in Patmos, while suffering the severe penalty of banishment. The publication of a work so masterly in its special department, and so rich and various in its contents, forms a bright spot in the history of Biblical literature.

MARCUS DODS.

* "The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia, and their Place in the Plan of the Apocalypse." By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Novel Notes.

TWO MOODS OF A MAN. By H. G. Hutchinson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

As the title implies, this is a study in temperament. The hero, or rather the protagonist (for he is far from heroic), is a man of culture, sensitive and versatile, but fatally irresolute. Like most hedonists, George Hood is lacking in moral backbone. Keenly appreciative of beauty and of things beautiful, he cannot make his choice. In the life of every man there comes a time when he must make the crucial choice, the choice of Heracles, by which he must abide finally. Hood makes his choice twice, and the result (as always) is tragedy. His soul-history is a history of heedless impulse and irresolution, a wavering between two women of entirely opposite types, the one appealing to the physical, the other to the intellectual side of the man. Before the story opens, Hood had contracted an irregular union with a beautiful Spanish gipsy named Gracia. Gracia is a woman of ideal beauty and primitive emotions, primitive not in the wildness, but in the deep-seated simplicity and strength of her love. The depth of her emotions makes Gracia so calm that Hood is tempted to mistake her calmness for mere placidity. For a time Hood persuades himself that the gipsy marriage is as binding as Gracia fully believes it to be, and the two live together in an ideal pastoral fashion. Very skilfully Mr. Hutchinson contrives to convey the peaceful joyousness of this open-air life, close to Nature. But after a time Hood begins to tire of it and to hanker after the more complex allurements of civilisation. He returns to London, and there falls under the spell of a beautiful and gifted American, Miss Whatman, the antithesis of Gracia. Miss Whatman rouses the intellectual side of Hood, which had been more or less dormant during his pastoral wanderings. It is to be noted for the proper understanding of the story that she appeals to the mind rather than to the senses, and Mr. Hutchinson only endows her with beauty because, as a rule, men are slow to recognise the intellectual attractiveness of ugly women. Hood breaks off the union with Gracia and marries Miss Whatman, and Mr. Hutchinson develops the story with much sympathetic insight from this point to the inevitable tragic ending. Hood's fatal alternations between the two moods are depicted with masterly tact and a fine grasp of the moral situation. The story is told by a friend of Hood's, between whom and Hood there is much conversation upon the great problems of life, not in itself essential to the progress of the story, but pleasant and scholarly and relevant in so far as it helps us to understand the mental standpoint of the chief actor in this triangular tragedy. For this reason "Two Moods of a Man" may be caviare to the general, but it is a thoughtful and suggestive book written in a distinctly original vein. In conception and execution it is in advance of anything which Mr. Hutchinson has yet done.

THE IMAGE IN THE SAND. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The weakness of spiritualism as a creed or a philosophy lies in its inability to overcome the scepticism of the unbeliever. The presence of the scoffer seems to paralyse the most gifted medium, and no mysteries are revealed except to the eye of faith. In the same way the spiritualistic novel makes a heavy demand on the sympathy of the reader. It has no persuasiveness, and carries no conviction except to those already convinced. What is impressing to the spiritualist appears impossible, not to say irritating, to the unbeliever. It is a question of temperament, and we must confess to some personal disappointment in finding ourselves plunged into the gloom of the occult instead of enjoying the sparkling flippancy which we have learned to expect from the author of "Dodo." Really novels of this kind should be labelled "for occultists only." In justice to Mr. Benson, however, even the sceptic must admit the grim power of much of the book. Mr. Benson is steeped in his subject, and he has evidently studied Egyptian magic to some purpose. He writes of amulets and charms with the familiarity of the expert; and the sceptical reviewer, if only he knew how, would fain draw a mystic circle round himself to ward off the black magic which the outraged occultists are doubtless contriving against him.

MY LADY LAUGHTER. By Dwight Tilton. 6s. (Dean and Son.)

"My Lady Laughter" is a historical novel of a not too severely historical sort. It deals with the American War of Independence, and has the proper complement of gallant soldiers and pretty girls. There is plenty of fighting, a sufficiency of good, wholesome love-making, and enough hairbreadth escapes to satisfy the most exacting. "My Lady Laughter" is of American manufacture, but the author is by no means unkind to the British, except in bestowing the charming heroine upon a dashing young American, to whom marriage must have seemed comparatively tame and unadventurous after the manifold other perils he had escaped. In point of construction the story is much above the level of the ordinary machine-made novel of this type. Mr. Tilton has the gift of writing bright and vigorous dialogue, and he applies his comic relief with a judicious hand. Altogether we can recommend "My Lady Laughter" to those who want to spend an agreeable hour or two in a hammock or deck-chair with a pipe and a long drink. It is not too strenuous for this hot weather. A word of praise also is due to the publishers for the bold but extremely effective cover design which they have chosen for the book.

THE MEMOIRS OF CONSTANTINE DIX. By Barry Pain. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The next most irritating thing to the novel with a purpose is the novel in which the writer is constantly passing moral judgments on his creations. But for all this, morality cannot be so far divorced from art as to justify a novelist in taking a villain for his hero and then adopting towards him the same admiring and sympathetic attitude as if he were the blameless hero of a love-story. It is true, some of the most fascinating characters in fiction have been villains. Long John Silver, for instance, is really the hero of "Treasure Island." But "Treasure Island" would have been very different if it had been Silver's autobiography, and if piracy and murder had been treated in a matter-of-fact way as an ordinary and natural way of earning a living. At the risk of seeming old-fashioned and puritanical, we must confess to some regret that a writer of Mr. Barry Pain's undoubted talent should select for his hero a common thief. For Constantine Dix is nothing but a thief and a hypocrite, and what is worse, a thief of an uncommonly mean and cowardly stamp; and the fact that we leave him on the point of a well-earned suicide does not restore the moral balance. For Mr. Pain does not allow him a moment of remorse or better feeling. The interest of the book, clever and ingenious as it is, lies not in the character of Dix, but in the success of his thefts. The episodes are undoubtedly ingenious, and there are some characteristic touches of satire. But with all its cleverness, the book is unworthy of Mr. Pain's high reputation.

THE FLUTE OF PAN. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is a commonplace that a good novel often makes a bad play, but it by no means follows that an indifferent play can be converted into a successful novel. The great weakness of the novel is precisely the weakness of the play. The whole story depends on a misunderstanding which might and ought to have been cleared up in five minutes. "It is the cause"—and the cause is absurdly trifling as the basis of three hundred pages of dialogue and comment. Mrs. Craigie defends herself on the ground that jealousy in the truest sense springs from trivial causes. Psychologically this may be true, as far as it goes; but it altogether fails to meet the issue. Admitting that the cause assigned for Feldershey's jealousy was psychologically adequate, the fact remains that Mrs. Craigie altogether fails to convince us that he would not have found out the truth long before the three hundredth page. Mrs. Craigie may argue that Feldershey had as good grounds for jealousy as Othello, but she has omitted Iago, and "Othello" without Iago is unthinkable. The fact is Feldershey is an idiot, and he behaves throughout in an impossible way, and not all Mrs. Craigie's cleverness can make him anything but impossible. The scene is laid in one of those miniature kingdoms not shown on the ordinary maps of Europe, where the language appears to be German and the manners are distinctly Ruritanian. But "The Flute of Pan" is by no means a sword and cloak romance, and inevitable fighting all takes place off the stage. There is less "fizz" and sparkle about the book than we expect from "John Oliver Hobbes," but the dialogue is full of clever touches. The court functionaries are sketched in pleasantly satirical fashion; indeed it is difficult to say where the satire ends. Perhaps Feldershey himself is intended for satire; if so, it is satire of a dangerously subtle kind. Still the Princess, a charming and delightful character, took him seriously; and it may be that Mrs. Craigie intends us to do the same. Mrs. Craigie's previous work is so good that it would be an insult to judge "The Flute of Pan" by any but the highest standards. Judged by these, it must be pronounced a failure. Feldershey is too absurd to be treated seriously, and if he is intended for satire the satire is too subtle for anyone but Mrs. Craigie to appreciate it.

THE WALKING DELEGATE. By Leroy Scott. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The dramatic possibilities of the Titanic struggle between Capital and Labour do not appeal so inspiringly to novelists in this country as to the novelists of America; probably because the struggle has not yet reached such an acute and vital stage with us, and the violent, unscrupulous, picturesquely villainous advantage that can there be taken of it by the leaders on both sides is still impracticable here. The two heroes of "The Walking Delegate" are Buck Foley, the delegate, and Tom Keating, a contractor's foreman. When Foley was first elected delegate of the Iron Workers' Union he was an ideal leader of men, strong-handed, resourceful, a great organiser, and one who was honest and absolutely loyal to his followers. In time, he began to realise his power, saw how he could manipulate strikes for his own benefit, and, playing the Judas to the workmen, accepted bribes from the employers or blackmailed them, or, with covert threats of involving them in labour difficulties, would terrorise employers into refusing to engage any man who had dared to incur his displeasure. Everyone suspects, or more than suspects him at last, but he has the Union so entirely in his grasp, and such is the potency of his bullying, merciless personality that nobody ventures to oppose him until Tom Keating is roused to the attempt of unmasking and displacing him. The story of the fierce fighting and scheming for mastery between these two men is told with astonishing cunning and realism. Altogether a powerful and absorbingly interesting book.

SUSAN CLEGG. By Anne Warner. 3s. 6d. (Dean.)

Although she has distant resemblances to the people of the "Cabbage Patch," Susan Clegg is a very different person from Mrs. Wiggs. She has not Mrs. Wiggs' overflowing, sunny optimism; she has instead a censoriousness and love of scandal that are as infinitely amusing to the reader as they were to Miss Clegg's neighbour and confidante, Mrs. Lathrop. She discusses the affairs of her friends and neighbours over the fence with Mrs. Lathrop, whom she never allows to get through more than half a sentence of anything she attempts to say; she intersperses her stories with shrewd and delightfully humorous commentary; has a good deal of trouble with her bedridden father, and with a succession of reluctant bachelors and widowers whom she, in turn, decides to marry as soon as the demise of her father shall leave her at liberty; and her subacid opinions on men and women, and on life, married and single, are full of wry philosophy and extremely diverting.

THE CONFLICT OF OWEN PRYTHERCH. By Walter M. Gallichan. 6s. (Geo. A. Morton.)

Taken as a study in Welsh village life Mr. Gallichan's new novel, "The Conflict of Owen Prytherch," is entirely successful, but the book is wanting, perhaps, in something of the forcibility of which his earlier novel, "Like Stars that Fall," gave ample promise. There is nothing in the present work to equal in power the former story of a woman's passion for the music-hall stage and her resulting downfall. On the other hand, much real human nature is depicted throughout the history of the young minister of Salem, who is ushered into his new work at Llanfair with fisticuffs from a hot-headed young squire. He is paid in the same coin, metaphorically speaking, during his short but lively career amidst a community chiefly remarkable for an utter absence of understanding. The unhappy relations of the minister to his wife are the more pathetic since it is between them that

this clash of character culminates. Had Mrs. Lathom but played a more important part in the book, it would be easier to believe that Owen Prytherch was not one of the most misjudged and unbefriended of men.

A WOMAN AND HER TALENT. By Louise Jordan Miln. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It was not so much a power for any one subject that Helen Winslow possessed, as a remarkable ability for any subject she might choose to turn her attention to, and Mrs. Miln has made this rare character seem not only possible but thoroughly alive and effective. Helen was the youngest girl at Vassar College, U.S.A., and her beauty and talent were beyond the ordinary. The author, sketching in her lively details of the college life and its professors, impresses us with the eager interest which such a newcomer stirred among her teachers. Here and there a New England nature might, in spite of her university-begotten daring in the field of progress, be shocked, distressed, really afraid of this new specimen of girlhood which had slipped into the midst of the hundreds of ordinary girls; but the professors grew excited, and then clamoured for the girl to adopt each his own respective calling. This novel is, however, in its way, a paean in praise of womanliness and the domestic life, or at least the married life; and one of Helen's talents was that which the "sweet cynic," Professor Tom Cowden, told his wife was the greatest of all. "The greatest talent is the talent that you have, my wife—the talent of loving, the talent of maternity, the talent of wifehood, the talent of womanliness. It is the talent of the Kingdom of God, and I have never known a woman who had it and much of any other talent beside." Helen Winslow had other talents beside, however, and Mrs. Miln has given here a careful and elaborate study of "the biggest sort of intellect, a sweet, lovable woman of genius." Helen wrote well, talked well, looked beautiful, and was a moving influence. Her own marriage, in spite of hopeful beginnings, was a distressing picture of deterioration—of the husband; but it moulded Helen, and the author does not forsake her own convictions as to the greatness and desirability of matrimony. Life in a college and life in the world are depicted with both an amusing shrewdness and a kindly insight, and the book is one to train the mental eye to recognise the finer shades of character and the important quiet things that count in life.

GLENANAAR. By Canon P. A. Sheehan. 6s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Canon Sheehan has once more given his readers a thoroughly enjoyable story of Irish life. Terence Casey, the hero of this tale, returns from America with a past record and with matrimonial designs which it would be a shame to divulge in a review. The reader must find out for himself how strangely this Irish-American fares in the country of his birth, and we can promise anyone who takes up the book a real treat. Its pages are full of unfailing zest. They are characterised by an intimacy of knowledge and a sympathy with the deeper as well as with the lighter veins of Irish country life, which are none too common. Kathleen Leonard, "the plague and darling of her class," is no lay-figure of a novelist. Nor are Nodley and the Connors of Glenanaar. Fenians and peasants alike, they all smack of the soil. "Glenanaar," in short, is less clerical than some of the author's previous novels, but it has nearly all the captivating qualities of its predecessors; if it is less obviously humorous, it is not less vital and charming as a study of the Irish peasantry upon a side of their nature which most writers either ignore or misinterpret.

PIONEERS. By Silas K. Hocking. 6s. (F. Warne and Co.)

The novelists, wise in their generation, flock to Russia nowadays for local colour. But if those who know that country were dissatisfied with "The Sowers," it is unlikely that "The Pioneers," with its rather chromo-lithographic views of Muscovite intrigue and brutality, will please them any better than Mr. Merriman's masterpiece. Mr. Hocking, however, knows his public, and gives them exactly what they want, round denunciation of Russian officialdom, sensational adventures, moral fervour of a sincere if somewhat sententious type, and love entanglements. Twice a Russian prison is broken open. Twice Russian cruelty is inflicted on women, once on an English girl, Gwen Osborne, and once on the beautiful and heroic Vassi Glagolieff, whose photo gravure likeness is the frontispiece of the novel. Lovers and revolutionaries of the Christian Socialist order plot and counter-plot. Siberia, of course, comes in, and the tale ends in the sunshine of English married bliss, where Muscovite refugees and their English sympathisers draw breath freely, the Aliens Bill being as yet inoperative. The types of character are pretty conventional, as conventional as their opinions. But the reader who abstains from inquiring too closely about the unity and probability of the plot, or about the verisimilitude of the Russian officials in these pages, will find "The Pioneers" quite a thrilling specimen of its class.

TOM GERRARD. By Louis Becke. 6s. (Unwin's Red Cloth Library.)

This is another of Mr. Becke's Australian romances. Tom Gerrard, the hero, is the sort of cheery, chivalrous man who would have warmed Charles Kingsley's heart. His experiences make good reading. There are some living villains in the plot. An Australian novel would be incomplete without them. But some accurate revolver practice clears them off before the story ends, and Tom Gerrard comes safely to his own kingdom, which in this case includes a queen. Kate Fraser, his bride, is described by himself as "a modernised Hotspur's Kate—a delightfully frank and charming girl." She and her suitors form the centre-piece of a brisk, readable story, which is not nearly so dare-devil and ferocious as the picture on the cover might suggest.

STINGAREE. By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (Chatto.)

In this new book of stories Mr. E. W. Hornung introduces us to a new kind of bushranger, one who should be near akin to the splendidly languid, lovely, loyal Guardsman of Ouida's most famous work. Stingaree has a good deal in common with Bertie, and he has even more in common with Robin Hood, for he oppresses only the wicked and overbearing, and he is both grateful and comforting to the poor and oppressed. The way in which he controls the professional debut of Hilda Bouverie, the downtrodden companion with the voice of gold and velvet, is in Robin Hood's best manner—a leaf out of the grand romance.

MRS. ALEMERE'S ELOPEMENT. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Ideality and despicable behaviour, passion, flagrant circumstance, and conventionality almost as flagrant, are mingled in this story with unusual cleverness. There is no actual plot; there is instead a situation, and there are gradual consequences. We begin with the fact that Mr. Alemere, a coarse-mannered man not wholly brutal, has struck his wife, and Mrs. Alemere, who has never loved her husband, leaves him, and travels to London under the protection of Richard Feddon, a chivalrous youth who has been teaching her music and looks upon her as a saint. Out of this situation develop deplorable results, and in Mr. Marriott's hands they develop with absorbing and persuasive reality. Richard Feddon first loves the saint, then loves love, then loves the woman. The woman for a while half loves him, then uses him as a stepping-stone, first to gain freedom, then to gain the man—another man—whom she loves entirely. In characterisation lies the chief strength of Mr. Marriott; there is a wealth of it in this detailed story; not a man or woman in it is secondhand work. We do not feel sure that Mrs. Alemere would have said the clever things which are quoted as hers, but beyond this one doubt there is nothing here incredible. The characters are admirably unusual, but not unreal; and the bedroom scene at Draycote High School, and the welcome of the Warburtons to their friends, who come to Cornwall two months later than themselves, are perhaps quite usual, but are truth touched with a humour which is most engaging, and to many will be reminiscent. This is the story of a young man's "hardening off," not always pretty, but well-written (except for the "Aren't I's"), keenly observed, and bright with wit, humour, true observation, and enough cynicism to make us admit that cynicism makes good reading.

NAPOLEON'S LOVE-STORY. By Waclaw Gasiorowski. Translated by the Count de Soissons. 6s. (Duckworth and Co.)

Most English readers associate Polish fiction with the name of the author of "Quo Vadis," and there was ample room for introducing to them a powerful specimen of this

younger novelist's work. Gasiorowski is described by his translator as an enthusiastic admirer (?) of Napoleon, whose ardour is based upon original research. That of itself does not make a good historical romance, but one is bound to admit that this long, dramatic tale of the Polish beauty, Madame de Walewska, with her aged, jealous, conceited beau of a husband, and her unselfish, quixotic, and fatal passion for Napoleon, carries the reader to the end with an interest that seldom slackens. It is a subtle, tragic episode. The character of the heroine, with her disappointed ideals, is handled with insight and vivid sympathy. So are most of the minor figures—they live and move. Napoleon is less attractive, his *rôle* is sensual and selfish. But the general impression left on the mind by a perusal of this fine, though by no means great romance, is distinctly one of strength and directness in characterisation. The translation reads fairly well; but why are so many spaces in the lines filled up with dots throughout the dialogue and the descriptions? They have an ugly, telegraphic look.

RUTH FIELDING. A Double Love-Story. By Mrs. F. A. Farrar. 6s. (Elliot, Stock.)

The pleasant country atmosphere of this story makes it a very suitable novel for August. It does not strain the mind by ambitious flights of style or intricacy of plot, but moves along with an equable flow of interest. Joyce and Ruth form a good contrast in their types of womanhood. Their love entanglements are set in a framework of unpretentious incident and homely narrative, which rises now and then, especially in the second book, to a considerable pitch of emotion. Mrs. Farrar writes with religious feeling and some penetration into feminine character. There is a quiet ease, also, in her manner of story-telling which will serve to recommend this novel to a wide circle of readers.

The Bookman's Table.

THE SUBURBANS. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (John Long.)

We have been reading a collection of some twenty chapters of remarks by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, published under the title of "The Suburbans." We cannot refrain from expressing a wish that fate may never again ask us to spend our time so unprofitably. Mr Crosland once wrote a clever book, and certainly he has chosen a remarkably good subject on which to write another. It is therefore especially disappointing to find that "The Suburbans" is merely a collection of cheap sarcasm and incongruous adjectives, and that what little wit there is in its dreamy pages may be likened to a smoking flax quenched by much that is silly and not a little that is vulgar. To attempt to criticise "The Suburbans" is futile—we can only presume that such a book is written purely for the satisfaction of the man who writes it. For the man who reads it, it has, however, this indisputable advantage over most books—that if it is utterly devoid of charm, it is perfectly harmless.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN THE PACIFIC By Arthur Johnstone. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

Of making books about Louis Stevenson there is no end, and yet each only confirms the conviction that the ideal life has yet to be written. Perhaps, indeed, only a second Stevenson could paint an adequate picture of that flamboyant, heroic, and ever-lovable character. Material for biography there is in abundance, but where is the magician to select and combine it? It says much for the wonderful fascination of Stevenson's personality that of all the many books, critical and biographical, written about him, there is scarcely one uniformly and absolutely dull. We are not suggesting that Mr. Johnstone's book—the latest contribution to Stevensoniana—is dull, but we cannot help thinking that had Mr. Johnstone applied the same method and standpoint to any less fascinating figure, the result would have deserved that epithet. The way in which he labours to prove that Stevenson's view of Polynesian politics was unsound may well provoke a smile. As if it mattered a penny pamphlet whether Stevenson was politically right or wrong! If Mr. Johnstone had realised that what matters is not what the Islands thought about Stevenson, but only what Stevenson thought about the Islands, he might have doubled the value of his book and halved its bulk. Mr. Johnstone is best in his anecdotal and uncritical moments, though he rarely escapes from the "Island" point of view. Of Stevenson's literary work he has much to say which is sound and sometimes illuminative. His criticism is severe, but, as far as the novels are concerned, not unjust, and he deals more fairly with Lloyd Osbourne than have some other critics. But the "Footnote to History" and the other more fugitive writings inspired by Stevenson's incursions into Samoan politics are dismissed as "journalism," and Mr. Johnstone becomes immensely irritating in his attempt to set Stevenson right. This unsympathetic attitude is aggravated by a stiff and awkward style. How R. L. S. would have shuddered at a phrase like "factual recurrences." It is an ungrateful task to find fault with anyone who has added to our knowledge of Stevenson, but Mr. Johnstone makes too severe a demand upon our forbearance. As for Samoan politics, most people will prefer to be wrong with R. L. S. rather than to be right with Mr. Johnstone.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA: A descriptive record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People, from the earliest times to the present day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vols. 8, 9, and 10. Leon—Samoscz. (Funk and Wagnalls Co.)

The volumes of the Jewish Encyclopædia have been issued with a regularity and rapidity which reflect great credit on the editorial body. The three volumes now on our table include a vast variety of articles, some of much importance. It was a wise arrangement to place each department under the superintendence of an expert, the Biblical articles being thus allotted to the adequate care of Dr. Emil Hirsch of Chicago, the Talmudical to that eminent scholar Professor Bacher of Budapest, while the rest are in charge of almost equally distinguished persons. The number of articles signed by American scholars is due to the fact that the Encyclopædia is really an American undertaking, and this, again, is due not only to the recognised enterprise of our Transatlantic friends, but probably also to the circumstance that though in 1880 the Jewish population of the United States was only 230,000, in 1904 it had multiplied more than five-fold. But the editors have wisely availed themselves of the aid of non-Jewish scholarship, and in the names Professor Barton of Bryn-Mawr, Professor McCurdy of Toronto, and Professor Jastrow of Pennsylvania, the public has a guarantee of the high standard of the work. The success of the editors in securing the collaboration of experts is manifested—to give one instance out of many—in the allotment of the article on Philo to Siegfried. Some of the articles in the volumes before us are elaborate, such as those on Libraries, Liturgy, Midrashim, Marriage, Lithuania, Palæography. Interesting information comes to the surface in response to the deep-dredging of the writers on Leprosy, the Russian Pole, and others. In the long article devoted to London, it is estimated that the Jewish population amounts to the surprisingly small number of 150,000. Russia receives fuller treatment than any other subject, but considerable space is allowed to Messiah, Revelation, Rome, Sabbath, Sacrifice, Prayer, and Prayer-books, and several other interesting subjects. And, as usual, biographical articles, Moses, Maimonides, Oppert, Offenbach, Mendelssohn occupy many pages. The numerous and interesting illustrations are a commendable feature in a work of great attractiveness and utility.

BIRD LIFE GLIMPSES. By Edmund Selous. 6s. (George Allen.)

Mr. Selous lived for three years from 1899 at Icklingham, Suffolk, seemingly a small, remote village, and during that period he made close and trained observation of the birds of the neighbourhood. The result is a most readable book, in which are set down many important additions to our knowledge of matters ornithological. Mr. Selous is nothing if not minute and intimate, but his book is not noteworthy only for what it sets forth as to bird life; he is a philosopher, and he branches far from the primary intention of the volume. "There is, I believe," he writes, "no falser view than that which looks upon the poet as a teacher, if we mean by this that he leads along the path of growing knowledge; that he, for instance, and not Newton, gets first

at the law of gravitation, and so forth. If he ever does, it is by a chance combination, merely, and not as a poet that he achieves this; but, as a rule, poets only catch up the ideas of the age, and present them grandly and attractively." Mr. Selous is on safer, sounder ground when writing of pheasants, nightjars, rooks, herons, peewits, green woodpeckers, moorhens, dabchicks, and other birds. Mr. G. E. Lodge supplies careful illustrations that will please those who know anything of bird life. The drawings are well done.

A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF FRENCH PORCELAIN. By E. S. Auscher. Translated and Edited by W. Burton. 24 plates in colour. 48 plates in black and white. 30s. net. (Cassell and Co.)

DUTCH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By W. Pitcairn Knowles. 54 plates. 7s. 6d. net. (Newnes' Library of Applied Arts.)

The former work is especially welcome, as it covers a field in ceramics as interesting as it is little known by English collectors, the chapter dealing with the soft porcelain of Chantilly being one of especial interest. The numerous coloured plates have been printed with great care. The smaller book is also timely in its appearance, as during the last few years the English market has been deluged by modern manufactures which the ignorant buyer might imagine was old Delft: This book will help to put him on his guard. Both these works contain valuable collections of marks that are not found in the smaller handbooks.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

Family history in most circumstances can make its appeal only to a limited class of readers. If it is well done, it is of great value as providing raw material of first-rate importance to the historian. An example of this kind is afforded in Miss Constance Pitcairn's **History of the Fife Pitcairns** (2 guineas net). The family has been connected with the county for more than six centuries, and it has been related by marriage at one time or other to most of the important families of the country. The book has few literary pretensions, but is obviously the result of patient and scholarly research.

THE TALLIS PRESS.

"The 1905 holiday book" is the publishers' description of **Smithy** (1s.), by Edgar Wallace. We do not think any reader will quarrel with it. For the book is as full of fun as an egg is of meat, and the various types of private soldiers are drawn with rare observation as well as humour. This is not to be wondered at when we recall the fact that its brilliant journalist author was for many years himself a private. The stories are certainly a little unequal, but Smithy, the philosophical humourist, is an admirable creation, and when Mr. Wallace is at his best, as in the stories called "Missing Words" and "Army Manners," he is such a holiday companion as any reader would desire.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

Those who know E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland) only by her unique stories of and for children should, enjoyable though those are, know her also by her poems; for if "infinite variety" is a charm, Mrs. Bland certainly possesses it. In **The Rainbow and the Rose** (5s.) we have not only true poetry, but we have it in such a range that from sturdy homeliness to delicate beauty, from passionate emotion to poignant sorrow, we turn and find each strong with a strength of feeling. It is the feeling rather than the workmanship which we notice and remember. The workmanship is admirable, but the feeling behind it claims the affection. Laughter and love, tears and tragedy, they are all in this little volume, for Mrs. Bland possesses that power which has been denied some greater poets, the power to touch with her moving finger the living hearts of all who have laughed, suffered, loved, or borne bereavement.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

While admitting that perhaps Mary Browne was a little insular, we realise gladly that had she been less so her diary would have made far less racy reading. Under the title of **The Diary of a Girl in France in 1821** (9s. net), we have the impressions of a shy, observant child of fourteen, who travels for the first time, and notices and records a hundred things she would never think of talking about. Even a child-journal such as this is valuable as evidence of progress in civilisation, and as an entertainment it is undeniable. There is not the early brilliance of a Marjorie Fleming here, but for vividness and wealth of detail we have only to turn to the description of the rough voyage from Dover to Calais, the experience of the dirty house at Passy, the shopping in Paris, the fêtes, to see that Mary Browne was anything but the stupid, slow child she was sometimes considered to be. Some of her remarks are beautifully naïve, some bear traces of the influence of Miss Wragge, her governess; and all prove a youthful loyalty to things English and disapproval of things foreign, amusing to read from the pen of a strictly honest and truth-loving but prejudiced Britisher aged fourteen.

In **The Little Neighbour** (6s.) Miss Mary Deane paints very clearly and drily the picture of a perfectly irresponsible creature: a woman without a soul? Say rather, a woman without a backbone. Gina is made so alive to the reader that he feels absolutely relieved when she lifts her baleful spell off the good man (who married her out of pity) by drowning herself in a lily-pool.

THE LIBRARY PRESS.

While not going quite so far as Mr. Douglas Sladen in his Introduction, in placing Lord Nelson at the head of the world's letter-writers, we welcome the volume of **Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton** (2s. 6d. net) as a collection of intimate documents, devoid of artificiality or vanity, and revealing a strong sense of duty, a frank tenderness, and a racy style. Also it seems to draw the great commander nearer to the ordinary being to know that he could not bear the smell of fresh paint, and that foul weather made him sea-sick. But apart from the personal details and the private sentiments expressed in these papers, there must always be a distinct value in such unstudied, first-hand information concerning our nation's history at one of its greatest and most important periods. It is an interesting volume published at a most appropriate time.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Since that first rush of pleased excitement when the humours of "Three Men in a Boat" were revealed by one man to another, there has always been a feeling of pleasant anticipation among Mr. Jerome's devoted admirers when a new volume from his humorously observant brain and pen is announced. In **Idle Ideas in 1905** (3s. 6d.) we have this firm favourite in quite his old vein. He goes round about, in this land and in others, and he sees little odds and ends of things which other persons do not notice very much until pointed out to them. Mr. Jerome points them out, and, doing the pointing in his own particular manner, no one forgets the little odds and ends of things again. One-and-twenty "Ideas" are given us this time, ranging from the query, "Are we as interesting as we think we are?" to the answer to another query, "Why we hate the foreigner," and in the three hundred pages which come between we find much of Mr. Jerome at his happiest and his freshest.

Mr. Edwin Pugh's new novel, **The Purple Head** (6s.), may have been a successful serial story; we do not know if it appeared in that form, but there is in it incident galore and a "curtain" to every chapter. As a novel, however, it is flagrantly melodramatic, and—well, we prefer to remember Mr. Pugh when he wrote "A Man of Straw," and had a sense of humour.

A book which consists of notes of travel by a sympathetic and competent observer can never be wanting in interest and value, however slight may be its literary merits. Colonel Harding deprecates any literary pretensions for **In Remotest Barotseland** (10s. 6d. net), a record of four thousand miles of travel through Barotseland, the kingdom of the amiable Lewanika, the author as commander of the native police and acting-administrator of N. West Rhodesia writes with more than the authority of the traveller or sportsman, and his book is full of curious information, reinforced by many excellent illustrations. It fell to the author to pilot Lewanika on his memorable visit to this country for the Coronation, and of his experiences we have a highly amusing account. "What are those things above my head?" he asked on board ship, pointing to the life belts. He was told they were to enable shipwrecked people to swim to land. "Where is the land to swim to?" Lewanika quietly asked.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

The Unwritten Law (6s.), by Arthur Henry, contains at least one thoroughly live character. Thekla is a healthy, happy pagan; full of high spirits and natural impulses. Driven by the loss of all their small capital out of the flower-grown house they were born in, Thekla and her sister become city children. The city makes of Emeline a self-reliant, cold, incurious creature, who is bound to do well for herself; but Thekla is still the untouched and untutored pagan. As innocent and ignorant as a squirrel, she loves as the wild creatures do, with no thought either of marriage or the morrow, with the result that at the age of sixteen she is the mother of a worse than fatherless baby. Thekla's story is not all sad, but it is clearly and strongly presented, and when he writes of the sleek and prosperous middle-class the author uses an iron pen and dips it into gall.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC PUBLISHING CO.

Dr. John Henry Clarke presents a strong case for homœopathy in his new volume, **Homœopathy Explained.** He is a firm believer in the science which prescribes in sickness a drug which, in health, would produce that self-same sickness. He claims that whereas allopathy, when it recognises symptoms, seeks to extinguish them, homœopathy by means of those symptoms reaches and cures the ill itself. Those of us who are believers in vaccination are to some extent believers in a species of homœopathy; and Dr. Clarke argues well. One scarcely expects to find humour in a volume such as this, but there is a grim touch of it in the author's description of a hospital ship stationed in the Red Sea during one of the Egyptian wars.

Many cases of dysentery were brought on board, and having failed to relieve them by allopathy, the doctor, who knew something about homœopathy, determined to treat his cases according to this method; with the result that his patients recovered with an almost disconcerting rapidity. One officer was exceedingly ill, but to everyone's astonishment he recovered under the treatment so quickly that he was perfectly well and able to return to duty in a very short time. The day after he rejoined his regiment the next battle of the campaign was fought, and he was the first man to be killed on the British side! Under allopathy he could not possibly have got well in time.

MR. SIDNEY C. MAYLE.

Amateur actors, who are on the look-out for something original in the way of a short play for home or school theatricals or charity performances, will find a treasure in **The Burglar** (6d. net), by Mrs. Robertson Glasgow. The characters are four children, of various ages and dispositions, whose parents are in India, two maiden ladies in whose charge the children are left, a servant-maid, and a burglar. The scenery is commendably simple, the dialogue is pointed and amusing, and the *motif* is fresh and very attractively presented. Mrs. Glasgow writes with much naturalness, and thoroughly understands her work.

MR. H. R. ALLENSON.

The Life of Madame Guyon (6s.) can never lose its pathetic interest. In an age when the Church of her country seemed to have lost every trace of the beautiful spirit of Christianity, and to have nothing better to offer for the consolation and strength of men than empty forms and a blighting system of reward and punishment, Madame Guyon was inspired to receive the great truth that love is the one essential factor necessary to the perfect fulfilling of the law. She lived, wrote, worked, and suffered in the light of this great revelation. "Now we see through a glass darkly" is true of even the greatest spirits in every age and every land. Doubtless Madame Guyon's vision was limited, and her mind unduly fixed on one aspect of the Christian faith. Yet her opinions and experiences as they are given us in the comprehensive story of her life by Thomas Upham form, quite apart from their undeniable psychological interest, a very valuable volume worthy of being carefully studied by all who are interested in varying types of Christian character. This new edition has a concise and able introduction by Mr. W. R. Inge, M.A.

SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

Some papers by Sir Charles Lawson, which appeared originally in the *Madras Mail*, have now been recast and enlarged by their author. They form a book of great charm and very exceptional interest. These **Memories of Madras** (10s. 6d. net) are the outcome of much careful research. The selection and assortment of material are marked by characteristic discrimination, and the result is a very valuable record of men and events of former days in Madras. We must add a special word of appreciation for the portraits and other illustrations so liberally interspersed throughout the volume. They are examples of the methods of photo-engraving invented by Sir Joseph Swan, F.R.S., and they greatly increase the attraction of a book which is in every way admirable.

Reprints and New Editions.

Five new volumes in Messrs. George Routledge and Sons' **Muses Library** (1s. net each) have come to us; they consist of Herrick's Poems in two volumes, with a preface by Mr. Swinburne; the Poems of Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins in one volume, with introduction by Colonel T. M. Ward; Blake's Poems, edited by W. B. Yeats, and "The Early Italian Poets," translated by D. G. Rossetti. These little blue and gold books are admirably compact, and additionally valuable by reason of their careful and interesting introductions.

A most welcome series of cheaper reprints is that of Mr. Neil Munro's stirring and ably-written novels, which comes to us from Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons. The latest issue is **The Shoes of Fortune** (3s. 6d.), one of the author's most popular stories. It is well illustrated, serviceably bound in cloth, and bids fair to extend its successful career considerably in this new form.

The latest volume (the seventh, 5s.) of the new edition of **Swift's Works** in Bohn's Library Series, published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, contains all the historical and political tracts dealing with Irish affairs, except the Drapier's Letters, which have a volume to themselves. The edition has already taken its place as the best in the field. The text is the purest and completest, and the editorial matter is in accordance with the most exacting demands of present-day scholarship. The present volume is from the hands of the general editor, Mr. Temple Scott. The introduction is short, but very much to the point, and the notes are uniformly workmanlike. An excellent feature is that each volume has its separate index. A fine photogravure after Bindon's portrait forms the frontispiece of this cheap and excellent edition. Readers may be reminded that Bohn's Library has long since discarded the undue sobriety of its outward form. Even from the external point of view the books are now a valuable addition to the bookshelf.

A dainty, white-bound reprint of **The Angel in the House**, by Coventry Patmore, also comes from Messrs. George Bell and Sons. It is a most handy, tasteful form in which to read and possess this once-popular poem; and it will come very conveniently to those who have not already read it, or are interested anew in it by Mr. Gosse's lately published "Life" of Patmore.

"The York Library," in which Messrs. George Bell and Sons are issuing reprints in a serviceable and attractive form, is noticeable by reason of the wisdom and intelligence displayed in the choice of unhackneyed classics. Swift's **Journal to Stella** (2s. net) is the latest volume; it is edited by Frederick Ryland, M.A., who contributes an enlightening introduction and a generous supply of notes. The text is the same as in the carefully collated edition published in 1897 in "Bohn's Standard Library."

From Messrs. Gowans and Gray comes an amusing booklet, **The Pleasures of Mr. Briggs** (6d. net). This is a collection of John Leech's illustrations of the ups and downs of Mr. Briggs's life from the morning on which the cook says that a slate is loose on the roof, till he has run through the pleasures of sport as a cure for excess of pleasure in housekeeping. The illustrations, mostly somewhat reduced, are reproduced in facsimile, and the small volume gives a generous example of this favourite artist's characteristic work. Leech's own notes accompany each picture.

The new volume in The King's Classics (3s. 6d. net, De La More Press) is **The Nun's Rule**, being the "Ancren Riwle" modernised by the late Rev. James Morton, with an introduction by Abbot Gasquet. This famous thirteenth century tract consists of rules for the conduct of recluses or ancresses. Abbot Gasquet contributes a valuable little introduction, which states concisely the history of the book, and gives the reader the necessary clue to its meaning or purpose. It is a beautiful reprint of one of our minor classics.

To their St. Martin's Library Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just added **Macaulay's History of England** in five dainty pocket volumes (2s. per vol. net, cloth; 3s. leather). Mr. Justin McCarthy in an interesting preface explains that it was suggested to him by the late Lord Lytton that he should write a number of volumes so as to link on his familiar History of our own Times with Macaulay's History. This, of course, he has done, and the publishers, by following up this series of five volumes with the five of Mr. McCarthy, will furnish a complete history of England from the accession of James the Second to the year 1897. The volumes are altogether charming in form. They are light and legible and compact, and unlike many reprints of the kind, they are as handsome on the library shelves as they are handy for the pocket.

It was certainly a happy thought of the publisher, Mr. John Lane, to include in his Crown Library the charming **Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe** (5s. net), which were first published in 1830. The memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson and the Duke of Newcastle have enjoyed a much wider celebrity, but it is open to doubt if either is of more importance or charm than the romantic story of her life which Lady Fanshawe, in the evening of her days, set down for the only surviving son out of fourteen children. Historians have not neglected it. Fiction, in the shape of "John Inglesant," has made notable use of it. But to the general it is not known as it deserves to be. In this reprint it is presented anew in a form at once adequate and attractive. It is delightfully printed, and the editorial equipment is a model of its kind. The introduction by Miss Beatrice Marshall is a very skilful piece of work. It says not a word too little or too much. It is a dignified and alluring introduction to one of the most human of all the documents of Restoration times.

New Books of the Month.

JUNE 10TH TO JULY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—Johannine Vocabulary, 13s. 6d. net (A. and C. Black)

ARMSTRONG, RICHARD A., B.A.—Agnosticism and Theism in the Nineteenth Century, 2s. net ..... (Philip Green)

HARE, WILLIAM LOFTUS.—Babylonian Religion, 6d. net (C. W. Daniel)

An interesting booklet full of curious historical and legendary lore relating to the Mongolian, Aryan, and Semitic races. Mr. Hare pieces together a concise account of ancient Babylon, and of the chief events which influenced her destiny. The myths and morals, laws and worships are brought together in an able manner and without intolerance.

HORT, F. J. A., D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.—Village Sermons. Second Series. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

A first volume of Dr. Hort's "Village Sermons" having been found so useful and helpful, a second volume is now offered. The words are in all cases chosen with simplicity, but avoid with admirable taste all appearance of "talking down" to the congregation. The sermons are such as were uttered at special Church seasons, from Advent to All Saints' Day, and the preacher drew strong and appealing lessons of hope and warning, comfort and awakening, humility, industry, and faith from the several occasions.

Jewish Encyclopædia. Vol. X. Illustrated (Funk and Wagnalls)

McCABE, JOSEPH.—The Religion of Woman, 6d. (Watts and Co.)

RITCHIE, DAVID G., M.A., LL.D.—Philosophical Studies. Edited, with Memoir, by Robert Latta, M.A., D. Phil. 10s. net ..... (Macmillan)
Saint Mark, The Gospel of. In West Saxon. Edited from the MSS. by James Wilson Bright, Ph.D. Belles-Lettres Series. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Heath and Co.)
WHITE, THE VERY REV. ALFRED CANON.—"As David and the Sibyls say." Collected and concluded by Mariana Monteiro. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net (Sands)

NEW EDITIONS.

A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—Of the Imitation of Christ. Translated by John Payne. Newnes' Devotional Series. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
BACON.—The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon. Edited, with an Introduction, by John M. Robertson. 5s. (Routledge)

The fullest and most scholarly "popular" collection of Bacon's philosophical works we have yet seen. It is reprinted from the fine seven-volume edition of Ellis and Spedding. Mr. Robertson adds a most interesting and generally enlightening Introduction, in which he does much to place the character of the much-censured philosopher in a truer, kindlier light. An exceptionally cheap production.

LAING, SAMUEL.—Problems of the Future, 6d. ..... (Watts)
SIDGWICK, HENRY.—Lectures on the Philosophy of Kant, and Other Essays ..... (Macmillan)
WHITEHOUSE, W. FITZHUGH, M.A.—The Redemption of the Body. Revised and Enlarged. 2s. net (Elliot Stock)

FICTION.

APPLETON, G. W.—The Rook's Nest, 6s. ..... (John Long)
Author of "Calmire."—Sturmsee, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
BARING, MAX.—A Doctor in Corduroy, 6s. ..... (Greening)

A humble romance, with a rough-spoken but generous-hearted doctor for one of its main characters. The author has a lively imagination and a turn for naturally expressed dialogue, and the scheme of his new novel is fresh and freshly told.

BECKE, LOUIS.—Tom Gerrard, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
BENSON, E. F.—The Image in the Sand, 6s. ... (Heinemann)
DAVIS, FOXCROFT.—Mrs. Darrell. Illustrations. 6s. (Macmillan)
DEANE, MARY.—The Little Neighbour, 6s. ... (John Murray)
DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY.—A Country Bunch, 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett)
Faerie Queene, Stories from the.—Told to the Children by Jeanie Lang. Illustrated by Rose Le Quesne. 1s. 6d. (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
FLETCHER, J. S.—Grand Relations, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
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GISSING, GEORGE.—Will Warburton, 6s. ..... (Constable)
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HOCKING, SILAS K.—Pioneers, 6s. ..... (F. Warne)
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.—Two Moods of a Man, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
KELMAN, JANET HARVEY.—Stories from Chaucer. Illustrations. 1s. 6d. ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

A beautiful little introduction to the Chaucer stories. The tales are simply told and illustrated with most charming designs in colour by Mr. W. Heath Robinson. This is another of the fascinating "Told to the Children" Series.

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VALENTINE, EDWARD UFFINGTON,—Hecla Sandwith, 6s. (Harper)
WALES-ALMY, CHARLOTTE.—Marraquitta, 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)

This is a romance of Monte Carlo, and Marraquitta is a lovely young girl found by "a millionaire several times over" in a small chapel in Italy. Both Marraquitta's principles and the author's punctuation are somewhat shaky, with the result that a mere reader is in danger of not seeing eye to eye with either of them when the heroine is suddenly filled with horror at her situation on board the millionaire's yacht and throws herself into the sea. However, the romance ends with success and good works and sublime calm on the face of the good sister in the convent.

WALLACE, EDGAR.—Smithy, 1s. ..... (Tallis Press)
WARNER, ANNE.—Susan Clegg, and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop, 3s. 6d. ..... (Dean)
WAYNE, CHARLES S.—A Prince to Order, 6s. ..... (Lane)

NEW EDITIONS.

ANSTEY, F.—The Time Bargain, 6d. ..... (Arrowsmith)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Lady of the Island, 6d. ... (John Long)
ELIOT, GEORGE.—Silas Marner. Introduction by Richard Garnett. The King's Novels Series (De La More Press)
FIELDING, HENRY.—Jonathan Wild, and A Journey from this World to the Next. Illustrated. Classic Novels Series. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE.—Madame Bovary. Translated by Henry Blanchamp. Lotus Library. 1s. 6d. net (Greening)
KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—The Water-Babies. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)

A most seasonable reprint of the coolest, most refreshing summer story for children that we know. The type is excellent, and there are eight new illustrations by Miss May Sandheim.

MUNRO, NEIL.—The Shoes of Fortune. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood)
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Author of "The Latest Hell."—The Mind Birth, 1s. 6d. (Watts and Co.)
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Excellent and enjoyable aids to the thorough understanding and appreciation of the great operas. The composer and his work are artfully blended, with the result that a deeper interest is felt in both, and a fuller knowledge obtained.

COOPER, A. MAHLON.—Ventures in Verse, 6d. (Walker, Otley)
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Strong, vigorous poetry, reviewing a life, upbraiding a woman, revealing a passionate love. The work is at times turbulent, but the thoughts and the phrasing are arresting, and the style is often reminiscent of Robert Browning.

GLASGOW, MRS. ROBERTSON.—The Burglar, 6d. (Sidney Mayle, Hampstead)
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A collection of ballads and verses inspired by or in praise of the Isle of Man. Mr. Johnson's style is simplicity itself—in almost every case the four-line verse with the double rhyme—but he realises the beauty of Manx scenery and maidens, and can appreciate T. E. Brown.

MOSELY, ETTIE F.—Poppyland, Princess Viola. Two Plays for Home and School. 6d. net each ... (Relfe Brothers)
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Half a dozen thoughtful pieces of writing by an acknowledged authority on things musical. The past, the present, and the future music are discussed with that best of all combinations of forces—strong convictions and tolerant fairness. Mr. Newman writes of the much-disputed power of Berlioz, of "Faust," of "Programme Music," of the theories of Spencer on the origin of music, and of Strauss and the music of the future, Strauss—that "enormously clever man who was once a genius." The volume is at once serious and entertaining.

OWEN, LAURENCE.—The Poetry of the Future, 2s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall)
SAINTSBURY, PROFESSOR.—Caroline Poets. Vol. I. 10s. 6d. net. ..... (Clarendon Press)
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VIALLS, MARY ALICE ("Alicia" of the "Daily News").—The Burden of Demos, 1s. ..... (David Nutt)
WAIGHT, JAMES F.—William the Conqueror, 3s. 6d. net (George Allen)

NEW EDITIONS.

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Mr. Alleyne, who visited the East as Colonial Commissioner of the University of Chicago, has made a serious